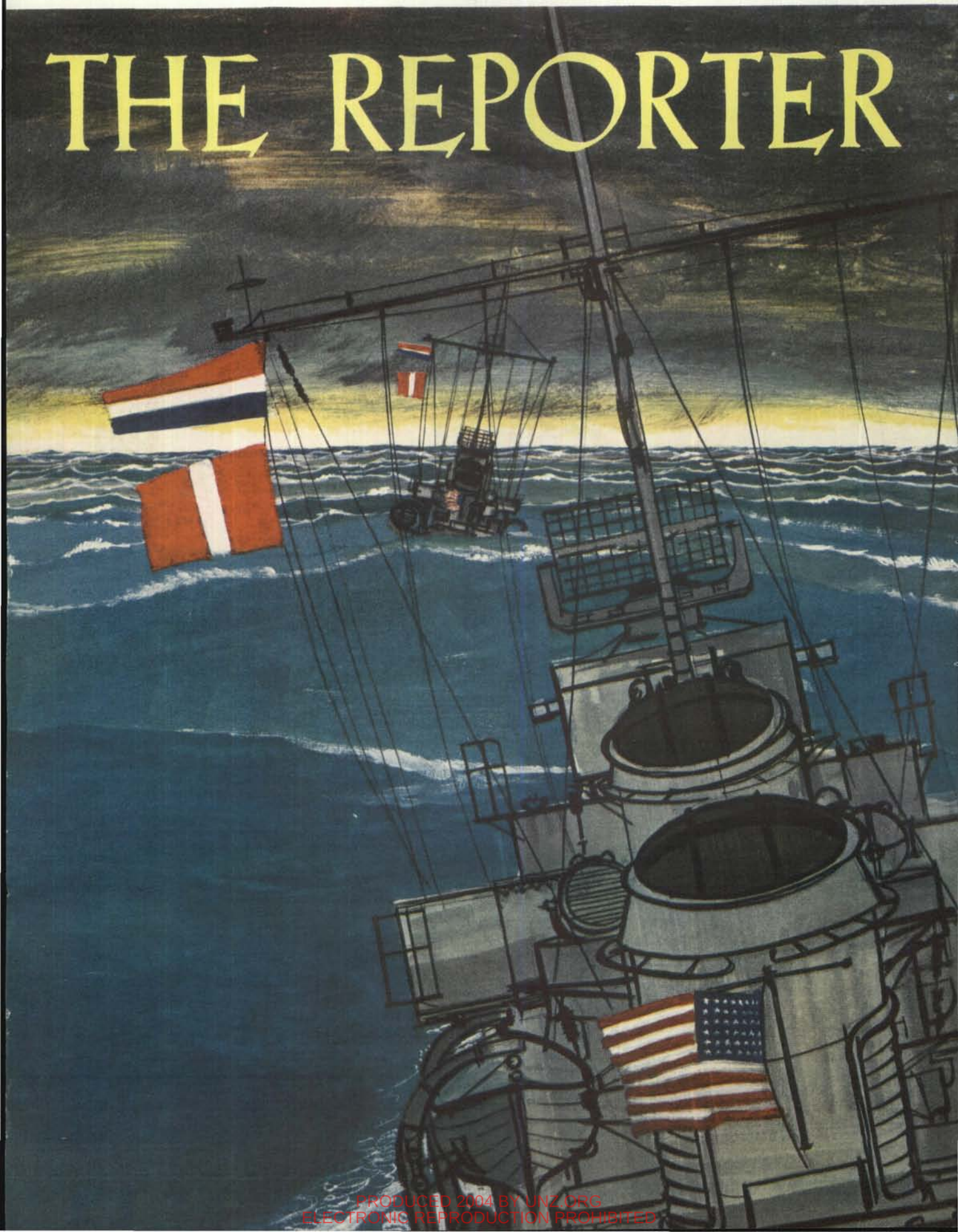
The Risks of Disarmament

ANC June 13, 1957 25¢

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE SPORTS CARS (page 33)

THE REPORTER



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See you at the rub-a-dub down the frog-and-toad!

(Cockney invitation to the pub down the road)

A COCKNEY'S cheerful grin is easier to understand than his King's English. This happy breed has an ingenious slang which is a mystery to most of us. Here's a sixty-second course.

Roughly, you substitute a rhyming phrase for any familiar word. Thus: home becomes *Road-to-Rome;* kipper becomes *Jack-the-Ripper;* money becomes *Bees-and-honey*. But some rhymes are apt to change with the times. The bank recently became the *J. Arthur Rank!*

And that's not all. Cockneys often drop the last rhyme completely. Hat is *titfer* (short for tit-for-tat). Feet are *plates* (short for plates-of-meat).

If you're still puzzled, don't give up. Why not get on your plates, grab your titfer and see your travel agent?

He'll book you on a weasel-and-stoat (boat) or a sunshine-and-rain (plane). Remember, you can now get to Blighty *and back* for less than four hundred Oxford Scholars (your guess!).

Useful Cockney Glossary

WIFE ....*Trouble-and-strife*
SHOP ....*Lolly-pop*
CAB.....*Flounder-and-dab*
TEA.....*Rosie Lee*
DRINK...*Tumble-down-the-sink*
TABLE...*Cain-and-Abel*
SLEEP....*Bo-peep*

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Dust Hasn't Settled

The ever-mounting repercussions to our May 16 issue on the atomic tests in Nevada could already provide material for a story as significant and disturbing as the one Paul Jacobs wrote. Of this second story, we give here a sketchy outline.

The three wire services carried summaries of the Jacobs piece and 148 newspapers in at least thirty-eight states found it newsworthy enough to give an account of it. When the AEC issued its blanket disclaimer, there were more dispatches by the wire services and more news items in the press. Some major newspapers published vigorous editorials, stressing the points we have raised: that the AEC "is far from infallible," as the *Christian Science Monitor* put it, and that, as the Washington *Post & Times Herald* wrote, "Fallout is not good for you, nor is it to be treated with the insouciance reserved for a cold, as too many of the official statements virtually imply."

At least one of the wire services, some newspapers, and a mass-circulation magazine sent correspondents to Tonopah, Nevada. We have certainly put that little town on the map. Robert A. Crandall, editor of the *Times-Bonanza*, and the members of the Bardoli family will soon be tired of giving interviews and talking in front of a mike. The ball has started rolling and we suspect it will roll for quite a while.

Among radio and TV commentators the coverage of the Jacobs piece and of our editorial was handled in more or less the same spotty way as it was in the nation's press—or to be more accurate, we should say rather less than more. There were a number of exceptions, first among them, as happens so frequently, Ed Murrow.

Among atomic scientists and geneticists whom we had occasion to approach or who approached us the reaction was, if anything, even more significant. The letters of two outstanding scientists Linus Pauling and Harrison Brown, are to be found in this issue and are indicative of opinion among some of the people who know these appallingly complex matters best. Similar reactions from eminently qualified men are coming to our attention with increasing frequency. On Wednesday, May 29, at the opening of a meeting of the Western Branch of the American Public Health Association in Long Beach, California, Dr. John M. Heslep, head of the University of California Radiation Safety Division, told newsmen: "The Atomic Energy Commission has been less than candid with the people." He added that the AEC has a "vested interest" in bomb tests and "tries to play down the potential hazards" of such tests.

Other scientists share the feelings of Harrison Brown, Linus Pauling, and John Heslep, but for various reasons don't feel free to have their opinions published. They don't want to be counted among those who are against the AEC, partly because they are just as unwilling as we are to make a blanket indictment of all the AEC activities, partly because, as someone put it, they don't want to get on the black list of the AEC. Most research on the atom is subsidized by AEC funds. Don't you see, they ask? We do see.

Among the zones of silence where the most persistent deafness to our Nevada issue has been exhibited, the New York *Times* has a position of unique distinction. The *Times's* West Coast correspondent, Gladwin Hill, has been sending a number of stories from Nevada, and in nearly all of them he has tried to deny or blandly pooh-pooh the various allegations we made concerning the way the AEC has handled the weapons-testing program from 1951 to 1955. The most Mr. Hill can bring himself to say about these allegations is that they have been made in "recently published articles." At the same time he has become intensely Tonopah-conscious, and after the first test of the current program, he hastened to reassure the *Times's* readers that people in Tonopah have received an amount of radiation comparable to that "from a wristwatch dial."

Or perhaps we are particularly sen-

SEC'S DAY OFF

"MACMILLAN BALKS
AT MAKARIOS TALKS"

"REDS HIT ADENAUER
AND EISENHOWER"

—*Two headlines from the New York* Herald Tribune, *May 31.*

My thanks to poets of the press
Who save me rhyming under stress.

Now, if they'll learn to scan, my verse
Will be superfluous (or worse).

But when the French choose as premier
Monsieur Pflimlin, I sorely fear

The ball goes flying back, by heck,
And Pflimlin will be rhymed by

—SEC

THE REPORTER, June 13, 1957, Volume 16, No. 12. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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notes and quotes

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sitive to what the New York *Times* prints or fails to print because we feel so close to that truly great paper, and so indebted to it—an indebtedness that increases every morning. Sometimes we think of *The Reporter* as an utterly independent fortnightly supplement to the *Times*. We must also add that on several other occasions, when we have done a hard fact-finding job of our own, we have come to realize how the *Times's* massive coverage can stand some supplementing. That daily installment of the archives of history cannot have the nimbleness of a publication like ours—and this is one of the reasons we are glad to be alive.

Yet our confidence in the integrity of the *Times* is so profound that we are sure the *Times*, sooner or later, will get around to publishing all the news that's fit to print about the Nevada tests—even if it may displease the AEC. In fact, in the same issue in which Mr. Hill reported on Tonopah, Cyrus L. Sulzberger had this to say about the recent anti-American riots in Taiwan: "Influence of a well-financed Kuomintang lobby, search for magnetic issues in our intra-party debate and feelings of deceived helplessness joined to strengthen United States determination to stick by Chiang."

About that Kuomintang lobby we had a number of things to say some years ago, but the *Times* editorials went on calling Taiwan "Free China." We are sure that the *Times* in the not too distant future will cover the Nevada tests in other ways than by giving by-lines to AEC communiqués. We are somehow tempted to run an ad in that fine newspaper: "If you want to know the stand the *Times* will take tomorrow, read *The Reporter* today."

An Emotional Upset

When is a mass outbreak "spontaneous"? The government of Chiang Kai-shek insists that the riot of May 24 at Taipei, in which a mob of thousands gutted the American Embassy during a five-hour free-for-all of destruction, just happened of its own accord. The Generalissimo's son, Lieutenant-General Chiang Ching-kuo, who is responsible for security measures on Formosa, declares that the outbreak was "nothing but a flow of emotion of the people" against the court-martial acquittal of the American sergeant who shot a Chinese Peeping Tom. Nationalist Foreign Minister George Yen admits that the delay in applying force to stop the mob before it had all but completed its spree was "inefficient," even "unwarranted." But both deny stoutly any possibility that officials or political groups might have been implicated. "There is no anti-American feeling here," the Generalissimo's son stated in his friendliest manner.

In other words, it was just an undefined feeling among undefined elements that led to the systematic smashing of the furnishings, vehicles, code machines, and files of the Embassy of the friendly nation that is Formosa's sole patron and means of support—not to mention the desecration of our flag.

For an Oriental "flow of emotion," the Taipei affair was remarkably well prepared. For several days the newspapers controlled by Chiang's police had been beating the drums of Nationalist agitation over the court-martial issue. Mob leaders appeared with Nationalist banners and even tools with which to jimmy open the Embassy's safes—evidently counting on having plenty of time to complete the job. The police obligingly made themselves scarce.

As one experienced observer put it, "It just isn't in the Chinese character to go off in an unpremeditated frenzy over the death of one man, in a country where life is so cheap." Just which people and which groups actually lay behind the mounting of the attack remains a dark mystery. But obviously some pretty influential ones did. The Hearst press and John O'Donnell, staunch supporters of Taiwan as our foremost bastion in the East, have already announced that the affair was indubitably the work of Communist agents. If the Communists of Taipei are now strong enough to have such a field day, our Eastern bastion is not too safe.

According to other sources, the instigators were Nationalists of an extreme persuasion. And what was Chiang's own son and heir apparent doing while the mob took over? Besides being in charge of all security arrangements, General Chiang Ching-kuo has the job of indoctri-

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nating Nationalist youth on the island. He got much of his training, it might be added, during the twelve years he spent in the Soviet Union.

Little now remains in Formosa for America to rely on—not the father, not the son, not the armed forces that we equipped only to find them reluctant to take a stand for us in the anti-American riots, and certainly not the part-native, part-immigrant population upon which we have bestowed more than $770 million in economic and technical aid only to see our flag torn down.

The President still has the power to plunge us into war for that outpost of the West, Formosa, and for those two outposts of the outpost, Quemoy and Matsu. This power has been granted to the President of the United States—any President—and not just to the peace-loving Dwight D. Eisenhower. Are we going to leave things that way?

Join the A.C.P.C.R.R.

No one seems much concerned over the way society has lately been squaring accounts with such of its ornaments as Dave Beck, "Socks" Lanza, and Frank Costello.

Without the semblance of a judicial trial, Beck has been branded a thief by a Congressional committee that has no authority to find a man either guilty or innocent of so much as jaywalking. Lanza's conversations with his lawyer, the most confidential exchange recognized under the law, were recorded by a microphone sneaked into a visitors' booth at the jail. Policemen swiped a memorandum from Costello's jacket pocket while he was being treated in a hospital for a gunshot wound in the head, and a judge later gave him thirty days for contempt when he refused to tell a grand jury about the paper on the ground of self-incrimination.

If these people belonged to some political sect, however obscure or objectionable, committees would no doubt be swarming all over the place, arguing unanswerably that neither the beliefs nor the alleged offenses of the victims matter in the least, that justice knows no shortcuts.

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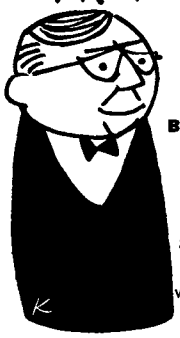

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CLOUDS FROM NEVADA

To the Editor: Every thoughtful scientist should be grateful to you for "Clouds from Nevada" (*The Reporter*, May 16). You do not pretend to have all the facts but you have enough to underline many times over the seriousness of the situation. There should be complete access for well-qualified scientists not employed by the Atomic Energy Commission and not committed in any way to this program to all the data which bears on radiation. In other words, secrecy as far as radiation hazards are concerned should not be condoned.

I do not believe that the saying of "No" by a scientist to the government wishing to employ him in atomic energy work is an adequate answer to the problem. This answer has been given by many scientists. One effect is that the quality of scientist and the moral sensibility of the scientists employed by the government are thereby diminished. Fantastic extremes could thereby be reached.

MARSTON MORSE
Institute for Advanced Study
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Your past two editorials, "Private Roads to Hell" and "There Must Be an End to It," were, in my opinion, two of the best you have ever done.

Also encouraging, in this issue, were the excerpts from Albert Schweitzer's statement.

What really caught my attention, however, was AEC Commissioner Libby's answer to Schweitzer, especially where he says, "If tests were to continue until 1983 at the rate of the past five years, levels [of radioactivity] in the United States would be expected to reach about four times their present values."

Didn't the Commissioner mean to say "until 1984"?

EDWIN B. GRAY
San Francisco State College

To the Editor: This is a belated applause for your fine number on atomic fallout. What calculations do you folks make on the dangers of the present tests in Nevada? What action by way of protest, Gandhian or other, would you think at all possible or indeed advisable at the present time?

NORMAN THOMAS
New York

To the Editor: Having worked at Los Alamos, I have become quite aware of the dangers involved in the production and testing of nuclear energy. But when talking about fallout and waste disposal dangers to other people, I have met with utter disbelief. Propagandists for the AEC apparently have been entirely successful in calming a population which should rightfully object vigorously to nuclear weapons testing.

There was a time when the democratic world was fearful of dictators using "mad" and irresponsible scientists for their devious aims. Now the world trembles at what a democracy might do in its "defense" against Communist aggression.

Paul Jacobs's exceedingly well documented "Clouds from Nevada" may help shake our nation into awareness of what we have been doing in the name of defense. In printing this article *The Reporter* is doing the world an immeasurably vital service. As your editorial puts it so wisely, so simply and so undisputably: There Must Be an End to It.

WALTER GERSTEL
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: You have performed an invaluable service to the American people in publishing Paul Jacobs's report on fallout.

HARRISON BROWN
Professor of Geochemistry
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena

To the Editor: I read the article by Mr. Jacobs with increasing concern. You have done the public an important service. My impression is that the AEC has not dealt honestly with either the people in the area surrounding the previous atomic tests in Nevada or the general public.

Although I do not pretend to be an authority in the field of nuclear science, I nevertheless am convinced that all future tests involving atomic explosion should be promptly abandoned. Somebody must take the lead or nothing will be done, and the consequences of inaction are frightful to contemplate.

W. P. KELLEY
University of California
College of Agriculture
Berkeley

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's report on the Nevada bomb tests and your editorial on the evil of the nuclear weapons make clearly evident the situation in which man now finds himself: He is causing damage to the health of human beings of this generation and of future generations in order to perfect a means of destruction that if used in a nuclear war would devastate the world and destroy humanity. There is no longer any doubt—science knows that the fallout radioactivity leads to disease and to the mutation of genes. The only rational solution of the problem is to stop the bomb tests and to avert a nuclear war. Your factual report on fallout from Nevada will surely help in achieving this end.

LINUS PAULING, Chairman
Division of Chemistry and
Chemical Engineering
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena

To the Editor: I am adding the voice of my pulpit to the "No" of your editorial. I believe it is time for Christian leaders

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throughout the world to add their emphatic "No!"

I am proud of your stand. Stick by it! It is true that "all nuclear-weapons tests are acts of hostility against mankind." Keep saying it!

THE REVEREND PAUL T. DAHLSTROM
Plymouth Congregational Church
Scottsbluff, Nebraska

To the Editor: Your issue on fallout is positively the best you have ever released, good as those were on wiretapping and the China Lobby. You are rendering an outstanding public service by printing the article on "Clouds from Nevada." I do hope that it helps to bring some of the world's irresponsible people to their senses by increasing public pressures.

MRS. R. A. PIEPENBURG
Madison, Wisconsin

To the Editor: As a medical student, my education is designed to train me to save my fellow man. At no time in the course of my training thus far has there been any discussion as to *why* my fellow man should be saved. I feel this question has never been discussed because the answer is inherent in the very nature of being a member of mankind—the dignity of each individual is sacred. This is why I would like to commend you for your statement: "In fact, all nuclear-weapon tests are acts of hostility against mankind."

Mr. Jacobs wrote an important, informative article, but I feel the main objection to atom-bomb tests is not how much radiation occurs but that they place expediency ahead of the dignity of the individual. They are, as you have stated, an action of "hostility against mankind."

Mr. Libby answers Dr. Schweitzer's statement with the comment: "I ask you to weigh this risk against what I believe would be the far greater risk—to freedom loving people everywhere in the world—of not maintaining our defenses . . ." I should like to ask Mr. Libby, What are our defenses defending when we no longer consider the risk to the individual supreme?

MICHAEL A. SELZER
Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editor: I wish to express my admiration for your courage in publishing Paul Jacobs's article. Albert Schweitzer, in his statement of April 23, 1957, says: "We are absorbing this radio-active material through radio-active drinking water and through *animal* and vegetable foodstuffs . . ."

In Japan when the fallout occurred from Eniwetok, the government of that country inspected each shipload of fish for contamination and several boatloads were condemned, to protect the food supply of the people. I find no reference to similar precautions in the Nevada tests. What was done by the United States Public Health Service, the Pure Foods Agency, the people who put the "inspected" stamp on our beef? In view of the exposure of cattle and sheep in and around the test area are we to conclude that we have been eating all this more or less contaminated meat?

Not long ago news dispatches disclosed that contaminated milk was discovered in as faraway a place as New York State. The radioactive contamination was traced to cows grazing on grass polluted by fallout. Besides exposing us to the fallout, are they letting us eat the stuff too?

It would seem that we the people of the United States are considered expendable by the powers that be. Considering the above and the irresponsible activities of the AEC with the apparent conspiracy to suppress the facts by all agencies of the government, from the lowest employee of the AEC, the PHS, and the military up to and definitely including the President, one begins to wonder whose side they are on.

Would it be asking too much if we require the top echelon of the AEC, the big Pentagon brass of the Army, and the government leaders, including the President, to station themselves in Nyala, Nevada, or St. George, Utah, during the current tests with no more protection or warning than was afforded the people there during the forty-five explosions from January 1951 to May 1955? They are the ones who are so sure there is no danger, so they will of course feel perfectly safe and would set a reassuring example for us expendable mortals.

ALF P. GYVING
Los Gatos, California

To the Editor: It is indeed good for young people my age to see that there is at least one magazine in the country which is truly outspoken for a curtailment of tests of nuclear weapons.

"Clouds from Nevada" is a vivid expression of reason which has awakened me to the grave dangers of further nuclear tests. Your editorial was superbly written, and we now wonder too about this curtain called "secret." I should think that our Constitution gives us the right to know at all times what our government is doing.

JOHN FRIEDMANN
Putney, Vermont

To the Editor: Bless you for the biggest little word you have written in a long time: "No" to the perfection of perfectly evil weapons. I wonder if the peculiar American trait of outsizing everyone must be applied to violence, too. I wonder if the Administration is more fearful of the U.S.S.R. or of admitting that plans and policies sometimes go astray. I wonder if all good men in any country who make these weapons for a salary realize that their own grandchildren may be forced to pay that salary in a hideous way. I wonder if you would help reintroduce the word "shame" to our language. There are four editorials for you.

HENRY D. BURNHAM
Stout, Vermont

To the Editor: Thank you for the Ray Bradbury story, "Illumination," and for publishing it in the issue dealing with fallout. Its affrmation of the wonder of being alive is the most moving comment you could make on the blind will for death that drives us on and on with these devastating weapon tests. Now I wish you would take us one step farther and show us how to say that *effective* "No."

MARGARET SNYDER
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Max Ascoli, just back from a trip overseas, reports on the new bugaboo he found extraordinarily widespread among some of America's best friends. More than half of his time abroad was spent in Israel, and what he saw there he will describe in a forthcoming article.

Europe's fear of a new Yalta comes from the fact that there seems to be a danger, for the first time, that the disarmament negotiations may land somewhere. There can be no question that our nation would then run considerable and not fanciful risks—risks that must be looked squarely in the face. Our two leading articles do just this. The first, by **Alastair Buchan,** is an account of the difficulties NATO would face if some measure of agreement with Russia were achieved. Such agreement would mean at best not peace but limitation of the goals and means of warfare. Such limitations would have to be undertaken in peacetime, and this is the point from which **Henry A. Kissinger's** article takes its start. The conclusion to be drawn from both articles is that things will not be easy, but this does not mean that a start should not be made. Mr. Buchan is our regular British Correspondent. Mr. Kissinger is the author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy,* soon to be published by Harper for the Council on Foreign Relations.

CONTINUING our series on cities (Philadelphia: February 21, Toronto: April 4), we turn to Cincinnati, whose citizens have given the lie to the theory that reform movements are always short-lived. **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* reviews their successes, which are to be tested once again in next fall's elections. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** discusses Khrushchev's latest attempts to de-Stalinize the Soviet economy. Mr. Deutscher's latest book, *Russia in Transition,* will be published by Coward-McCann this month. . . . Democracy, that halting and never-ending process by which free men determine their future, has a way of going into an eclipse whenever heads of state take it upon themselves to direct it and to limit its expression. **Gordon Walker,** who for thirteen years has been in the Far East as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* gives his firsthand impressions of President Sukarno's "guided democracy" and the opposition to it that has sprung up in many areas outside the capital.

ALL THOSE who have difficulty telling one chromium behemoth from another will remember **Tom Armstrong's** description of the new American cars (*The Reporter,* April 4). Now he classifies their agile little brethren, the sports cars, mostly foreign-born. Once again Mr. Armstrong accompanies his remarks with his own illustrations. . . . There used to be a very sharp line between New York's Broadway shows and "off-Broadway" productions, the former being put on for profit, the latter in a spirit of rapturous devotion to art with neither expectation or hope of material recompense. Times are changing, however, reports **Gerald Weales,** critic, essayist, and author of *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic-Little, Brown). . . . **Hortense Calisher** is the author of *In the Absence of Angels,* a collection of short stories (Little, Brown). . . . When James Michael Curley read last year's best-selling novel about a Boston politician, he at first doggedly refused to see in it any reference to his own flamboyant career. Later he said that *The Last Hurrah* was about himself—and that there were lots of mistakes in it. Now he has written an account of his life that he finds satisfactory. **John Kenneth Galbraith** appraises Mr. Curley's apologia from across the Charles River in Cambridge where he teaches economics. **Al Newman,** drawing upon his experiences as a war correspondent for *Newsweek,* reviews the latest British war history. . . . **Sander Vanocur,** who is on the staff of the New York *Times,* discusses recent repercussions on British opinion of the Suez adventure. . . . **Sidney Alexander** is a poet, critic, and novelist.

Our cover is by **Dan Noonan.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 16, NO. 12 **JUNE 13, 1957**

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MAX ASCOLI

Europe's Fear of a New Yalta

It is a rather novel experience for a traveler on the old Continent to find thoughtful, responsible people haunted by the prospect not of war but of peace—a peace reached somewhat prematurely by the United States and Soviet Russia under the guise of a disarmament agreement, at great cost to the national aspirations and prestige of the western European countries. Over there, it's called a new Yalta.

You meet old friends who have greeted you year after year with more or less the same talk: Why aren't you Americans more reasonable toward the Russians? Some of the things that worry the Russians the most are the same that keep you worried, like the growing power of China or the new nationalisms on the rampage. The Kremlin will go on building up the industrial potential of China and fomenting nationalisms as long as America fails to recognize that Russia has become a fellow "have" nation. Your obstinacy gives the Kremlin the leadership of the "have-nots" and threatens our peace.

So went the talk of yore. In the spring of 1957 the American traveler is not spared long, excited tirades on U.S.-Russian relations. But now what's wrong is that the representatives of the American and Russian governments at the disarmament negotiations are getting too chummy—and there is no use protesting or trying to stop the long tale, delivered in chapter and verse. They know it for a fact, and it didn't start at the current London meetings either. Whenever Stassen, or for that matter Lodge back in New York, sees his Russian opposite number, they go into a huddle and from then on there is no way of knowing what they have talked about.

The outcome of this Soviet-American intimacy is only too clear: Russia doesn't want China to become a great power with atomic weapons of its own; the U.S. doesn't like to have its major European allies exposed to the temptation of possessing A- or H-weapons of their own. Britain got in just under the wire and may sometime break edgewise into the exclusive colloquy of the two giants. It's Yalta all over again—a Yalta for keeps.

Since the end of the war, the fear has lingered among statesmen and publicists abroad that the conflict between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. could end in a partition of the world between the two. That fear now affects a far larger number of people. What goes on here? ask those who thought that a bridge was needed between the two superpowers and were kindly available to build bridges or play the honest broker's role. The avowed or crypto-neutralists who have been legion in Europe for years do not cherish the prospect of their nations becoming somehow neutralized, with no longer very much of a say in international affairs.

"We don't want to be liberated by America after the Soviet armies have conquered us," you used to hear. Now even that fear seems to be not so great as the fear that European nations will be reduced to a degree of influence commensurate with their power. The short cut to power lies in the possession of atomic weapons. Admiral Radford has found an unsuspected number of disciples.

In fact, the same American leaders who just a short time ago used to give Europe the jitters seem to have acquired a sudden popularity in Europe. Admiral Radford or Senator Knowland can be counted on to stand in the way of a Soviet-American agreement, but Eisenhower's willingness to go halfway toward the Russians and reach with them some measure of limited reciprocal disarmament is seen with great apprehension. And, of course, Dulles isn't trusted—but that's scarcely news.

Modern Republicanism, or the equivalent thereof, is no more popular in Europe than it is over here. The causes or the occasions may be different, but the trend is very much the same: budget cutting (particularly on military expenditures), reliance on nuclear weapons, and a stand-pat, uncompromising attitude toward Soviet Russia. The trend is to the Right. Italy, after so much talk of an opening to the Left, has given itself a cabinet that can stay in power only if it offers an opening to the Right. It would not be surprising if the French cabinet crisis ends the same way.

Everything is like here at home, only worse, sometimes much, much worse: To this conclusion the American traveler is forced more and more frequently. It would be unfair oversimplification to attribute all that's wrong with the diplomatic and strategic policies of Europe to the vacillating nature of our diplomatic leadership. It's a fact, however, that the western community truly exists and that the example of the strongest nation greatly contributes to set the tone for the others. It is as if every European nation had a lame-duck administration—like ours.

Among our allies we may have a near monopoly on ultimate weapons, but we have no monopoly on indecisiveness and self-absorption.

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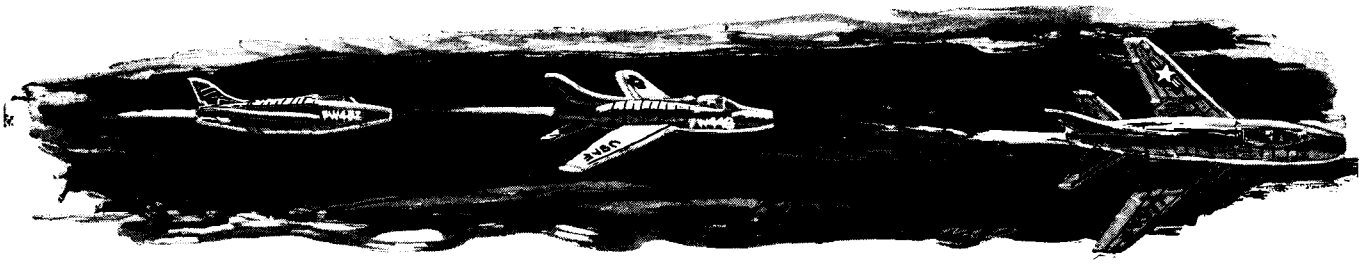

The Atomic Squeeze On Europe

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

Concluding a brief and singularly unprofitable two-day meeting in Bonn, on May 3 the foreign ministers of NATO issued a communiqué stating that they had "considered the state of the alliance in the light of political developments. . . . They concluded that useful and concrete results had been achieved, and that the alliance was acquiring both greater maturity and solidarity."

Three days later in Strasbourg, where the Council of Europe meets, a report was published that showed how ill-founded this complacency was. For the first time in three years of its existence the Defense Committee of the Assembly of Western European Union had decided to take a look at the larger alliance of which its members form a part, and within whose territory any war that NATO engages in is almost certain to be fought. The contents of the report went a long way toward removing West Germany's confidence in the alliance, which the ministers' meeting in Bonn had been specifically designed to encourage.

The report began by pointing out that on the central European front, Supreme Commander Lauris M. Norstad "has under his control not more than fifteen divisions, of which only the Americans are ready for immediate combat," instead of the thirty divisions laid down as the requirement in 1954. There was no question, the committee had been told by General Jean-Etienne Valluy, commander in chief of the central European sector, of giving battle on the line of the Iron Curtain, "but for political and psychological reasons he would try to protect the German population, and the industrial resources of the Ruhr." Lack of uniformity in the size and equipment of divisions, as well as of vehicles and weapons, "gives the Central European Army such rigidity and sluggishness" that it would be difficult to move divisions from one sector to another.

At the same time, the Assembly considered—and defeated only by a technical majority—a resolution condemning its own Council of Ministers for having approved Britain's reduction of thirteen thousand men in its forces in Germany. According to Colonel J. J. Fens, the quiet conservative Dutch Senator who introduced the report, Mr. Dulles, "among whose gifts that of prophecy is absent," was altogether wrong in assuming that the British action would not produce a chain reaction throughout the alliance, including the United States itself.

Finally, the committee demanded to know what London and Washington were doing to share their technical know-how with their European allies. It emphasized the point by describing a visit to the French guided-missile center, where it was shown a missile developed from German wartime designs at a cost of $28 million. The weapon proved to be almost identical with a three-year-old British ground-to-air rocket, which in turn was very similar to the American Nike.

Shield or Trip Wire?

The WEU Assembly is not a body that exerts much influence in Europe, but the fact that it has produced so scathing a report is symptomatic of the confusion over NATO's military policy that has been precipitated throughout western Europe by a combination of the British Defence White Paper and constant Soviet propaganda directed against the weaker nations.

The cause of this confusion is that the European members of NATO, bewildered by so many unilateral British and American statements in recent years, no longer have any clear picture of what kind of war they are being asked to plan and make sacrifices for. Will the "shield" of NATO divisions be capable of halting a Soviet attack on western Europe without invoking strategic retaliation if it can be doubled in size and equipped throughout with atomic weapons? Or will it merely provide a "trip wire" to establish the fact that aggression has occurred and sound the alarm bells for the nuclear holocaust? If it is merely a trip wire, does it have to be even

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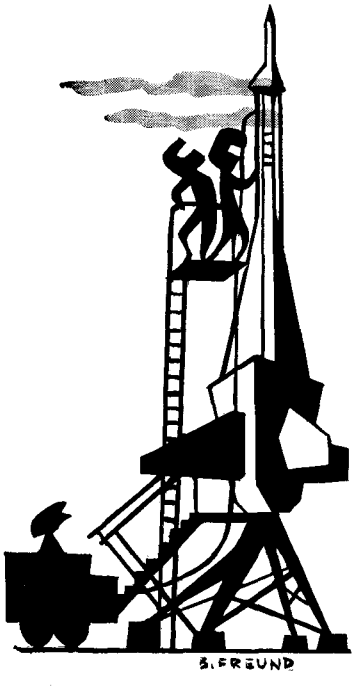
as large as fifteen divisions, let alone twice that size? Can there be a limited war in Europe, and if there cannot, would it not be cheaper and sounder to modify the costly preparations to fight one?

THE FIFTEEN divisions now in West Germany are made up of five good American divisions plus three armored cavalry regiments with the equivalent firepower of a sixth; four British divisions at about seventy per cent strength, which are now being reorganized (against the advice of SHAPE) into eight independent brigade groups that will give them the effective strength of about three American divisions; one Belgian division; two Dutch divisions, one of them newly formed; one Canadian brigade group, the best individual battle formation of them all; and half of two French divisions.

The build-up of the German forces has reached a point where two armored and three infantry divisions, with one mountain and one airborne combat group, will have



been allocated to NATO by the end of this year. The German divisions are well supplied, mostly with American equipment, but are very short of good junior and noncommissioned officers. It will probably be another year before they can be considered fully battle-ready. By some time in early 1959, three more German divisions are scheduled to become available to NATO.

Whether the total figure ever rises above twenty-three divisions to the magic figure of thirty depends on three factors. The first of these is an end to the Algerian war and France's willingness and ability to return to NATO the remaining four divisions that it is committed to provide and that it has "borrowed" for service in North Africa. The second is the increasingly unlikely hypothesis that West Germany will provide the extra four divisions to bring its total contribution up to twelve, which was the target for its original rearmament plan. Both the French and the German figures are, therefore, entirely dependent on the course of domestic political situations. Finally, whether the figure of thirty divisions is ever reached depends on there being no further cutbacks in existing forces on the scale of Britain's two-year project for reducing its total force from seventy-six thousand to fifty thousand men —at the rate of thirteen thousand men a year.

Thus it is obvious that a force of thirty divisions can only be produced by the very firmest agreement between the European, British, and American governments that such a force is absolutely essential.

THE OFFICIAL argument for a strong shield of thirty divisions is based on three contingencies—a limited foray, a full-scale attack, and the situation that would develop after an exchange of thermonuclear blows. Only a conventional force of this size could give General Norstad and his subordinate commanders the necessary strength to deter or deal firmly with any limited foray across the Iron Curtain without having to invoke strategic retaliation and touch off a thermonuclear war. The West German border is a long one and at present is only lightly patrolled in many places. Without being able to specify what incident might occur, the NATO staffs feel that only strong conventional forces deployed near the satellite frontiers in West Germany can alleviate the appalling dilemma of accepting penetration and local defeat or risking a world war. A commander's nightmare is to be left without any flexibility or freedom of choice, and on the basis of the present force the NATO commanders feel they have all too little.

How Resistible a Force?

The crucial question about the size of the shield, fifteen, twenty-three, or thirty divisions, is now not whether they can deny West Ger-

many and thereby western Europe to the Russians, but for how long. In the view of the military staffs, as in that of the U.S. and British governments as a whole, a full-scale Soviet attack in central Europe would almost certainly invoke thermonuclear retaliation and precipitate a third world war.

But two factors are involved that make it essential to gain time. In the first place, it must be clear that such an attack is a full-scale affair, not a border foray by a vodka-happy battalion or divisional commander, or an attempt to involve the West German forces in some fracas in East Germany. A trip-wire force would have to shoot first and ask questions afterwards, possibly with disastrous results. In the second place, nuclear retaliation involves the most agonizing decision in world history on the part of the President of the United States and the prime minister of Great Britain, with thirteen reluctant NATO allies hanging on their coattails and Asian and neutral opinion arrayed implacably against them. Moreover, once the decision is taken, the retaliation must be effective before the Soviets have overrun western Europe and presented the United States with a *fait accompli;* as the nuclear deterrent becomes increasingly mutual, the United States will have greater

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and greater temptation to accept such a *fait accompli,* however honorable and courageous its administration may be.

Naturally there is no slide rule that equates the number of divisions with the number of days the shield will hold. The best estimate is that a shield of fourteen divisions could hold the Russians east of the Rhine for between forty-eight and seventy-two hours. Whether they would have enough strength and cohesion left at the end of this time to deny the Rhine crossings, and thereby France and the Channel ports, is anybody's guess.

Clearly this is not enough time for London and Washington—not noticeably good at speedy co-operation in recent years—to make the most momentous joint decision in their history, let alone to consult their allies and give the strategic bombers enough time to bite off the tail of the Red Army and bring it to a halt. Nor would fourteen divisions be sufficient to ensure that Russian guerrillas did not take over Europe after the exchange of thermonuclear blows had reduced its cities to ashes and destroyed its civilization.

Twenty-three divisions might hold for a week; certainly thirty well-trained divisions could hold for that length of time, and could even give a respectable account of themselves if the decision to invoke strategic retaliation were not forthcoming. They could not "defend" Europe in the conventional sense, but they could provide the essential elements of time and information to enable intelligent strategic decisions to be made, and to prevent border incidents from getting out of hand.

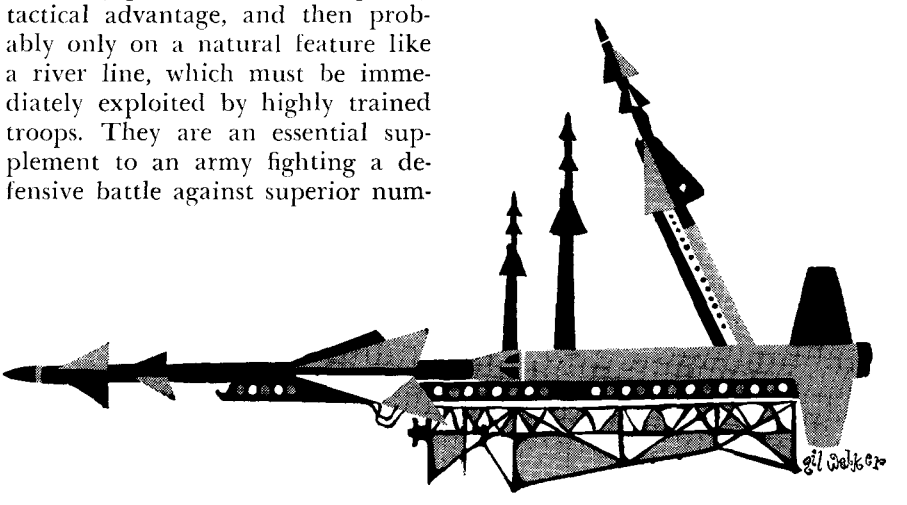
No Magic Cloak

How much do tactical atomic weapons strengthen the shield? In the two and a half years since SHAPE decided to base its strategy upon their use, there has been much complacent talk about their ability to replace conventional manpower with their enormous firepower.

Today there is considerably less optimism, because there has been more practical study about the extent to which tactical atomic weapons, whether launched from aircraft or missiles, can supplement the defensive power of conventional forces. A theory known as "*la grande vide*"—that whole areas of territories could be sealed off to the enemy by the dropping of atomic weapons, forcing him to concentrate only where he could be met by ground forces—has had to be scrapped. It has become evident that enemy troops in tanks and armored carriers can penetrate through areas thus devastated very shortly after an atomic explosion.

As the yield of the tactical atomic weapons is decreased in order to fit them into smaller and more mobile compass and to enable them to be used without danger to a nation's own troops, it has become clearer that they provide only a temporary tactical advantage, and then probably only on a natural feature like a river line, which must be immediately exploited by highly trained troops. They are an essential supplement to an army fighting a defensive battle against superior numbers. Without them the shield would probably buckle and crack in a matter of hours. But they provide no alternative to conventional forces, or any magic supplement to their strength. Their rate of fire is slow, and a matter of hours is needed to bring long-range missiles such as the Corporal into action. Against an enemy attacking with great speed on a wide front, as the Russians would through central Europe's open country and innumerable roads, with complete air superiority and a preponderance in tanks of the order of three to one (7,500 to about 2,500), tactical atomic weapons provide by no means the final answer, even supposing that the political lines had been sufficiently well cleared to authorize their immediate use. Moreover, at present only the U.S. formations possess them, though Britain will have two Corporal regiments by the beginning of next year. It will be at least two years before the NATO forces as a whole are equipped or trained with them, and it may be that in the course of this fall's German election campaign the Adenauer government will be driven to pledge that it will refuse to accept such weapons for the Bundeswehr.

A British staff officer in a NATO headquarters illustrated the problem graphically. When I asked him to give me an idea of the effect and role of tactical atomic weapons, he walked over to a six-foot wall map showing the six-hundred-mile central front from Lübeck to the Austrian border. With a cigarette he burned a series of small holes in the isinglass covering of the map along the Iron Curtain boundary, holes barely visible in the vast networks of roads. "There," he said, "that's about the over-all defensive effect of the low-yield weapons. Don't let any politician fool you or himself that they are a substitute for chaps on the ground. We couldn't do without them, but they can't do our job for us."



In other words, though the low-yield atomic weapons could double the firepower of thirty divisions, they could not convert fifteen divisions into the equivalent of thirty.

THE COMMON accusation against military staffs is that they tend to overinsure. I put this point to a distinguished American commander in Germany. He replied: "Sure, we like to overinsure. When I was the WPA engineer in Galveston in the 1930's, they asked me to build a twelve-foot sea wall, and told me

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they had never had a flood higher than eleven feet. I made them build it fourteen foot, and hell, they had a thirteen-foot flood the next year."

THUS the element in the British White Paper that most disturbs SHAPE and the NATO staffs is not the assertion that the thermonuclear deterrent is the overriding consideration in military planning, which is only a glimpse of the obvious, but Britain's unilateral use of this argument to justify reductions in its conventional forces in Germany and its contribution to the shield.

For what they fear is that the British government has in its heart accepted the thesis of the trip wire as against the shield, whatever lip service it may pay to the latter concept. The admiring noises that the British White Paper evoked in Washington have also convinced many Europeans that the United States will soon begin to think along the same lines despite recent Dulles statements.

True, there are advocates of the trip-wire thesis in the British government, as there are in the Pentagon. Talk of local incidents and the necessity for a delaying force is the sheerest fantasy to them. They argue that while limited war is a likely hypothesis on the northern or southern flanks of NATO, in the Middle East, or elsewhere in the world, western Europe is so vital a target that it will never be attacked unless the attacker has counted the risk of total war. They point out that never since the inception of NATO and the development of the American hydrogen bomb has Russia made any false military move against western Europe. As its strength in bombers and missiles increases, Russia is less and less likely to give warning of its intentions by attacking on the ground and is much more likely to attempt a surprise attack on European cities and bases.

According to this thesis, it would be sounder to reduce the shield to a gendarmery to deal only with local incidents while making absolutely and publicly clear, both to ourselves and to the Russians, that there will be no element of discretion in the use of strategic retaliation on this front but that it will be directly contingent on any aggression. It is the hint in the British White Paper that this thesis may be getting the upper hand which accounts for much anxiety in European minds.

There is an additional sense of surprise and resentment that Britain should have taken this decision, first because its troops are stationed in the flat northern sector, which is the most vulnerable, and second because they protect the vital forward radar stations on which the air defense of Great Britain itself depends.

The feeling in NATO is that Britain has presented a challenge to the authority of General Norstad as the formulator of NATO's strategy. Either the European governments will decide to follow Britain's lead, in which case Norstad might feel it necessary to force the issue by offering his resignation, or they will refuse to acquiesce in any further British reductions when the question comes before the WEU in August. Either course will put a severe strain on the organization of the alliance.

The Myth of Choice

But the problem is made doubly complicated by the fact that owing to the waywardness and confusion of American and British leadership in NATO, awareness of military realities among European politicians and their electors has lagged behind military developments, both Soviet and Allied. As the debates of the parliamentarians at Strasbourg and the speeches of the foreign ministers of many of the European NATO countries at Bonn clearly showed, most Europeans still imagine that they have an alternative between conventional and nuclear war in Europe. With a few exceptions, such as Paul-Henri Spaak, until last month Belgium's foreign minister and now the new secretary-general of NATO, most Europeans take the concept of the shield literally, a ring of steel which, if strong enough, could defend Europe without recourse to atomic weapons, tactical or strategic.

Despite literally hundreds of briefings on the subject by Generals Gruenther and Norstad, the myth of a choice between conventional and nuclear war in western Europe persists. The consequence is that in the public debate that has developed in West Germany everyone is arguing from different premises: the politicians that the British troop reductions in Europe are increasing the likelihood that Germany would become an atomic battlefield; the soldiers that the reductions increase the chances of being driven off a battlefield that is virtually certain to be atomic in any case.

Headaches for Adenauer

Nowhere is the debate so confused and angry as in Germany. The publication of the British White Paper at the beginning of April, just six months before the Bundestag elections, made it certain that the issue of arming the Bundeswehr with tactical atomic weapons will be a dominant theme in the campaign.

Dr. Adenauer has a number of bones to pick with Britain, notably what the Germans choose to consider a deliberate British attempt to sabotage the European Common Market, to which so much pro-European idealism in the chancellor's Christian Democratic Union is now committed, in favor of the loose Free Trade Area plan. But his real grievance is that Britain, by raising the uncomfortable topic of atomic weapons at this time instead of letting it slumber in the top-secret files for a few more months, has presented his opponents with an issue that makes a strong appeal to an electorate which is both ill-informed and apprehensive. A campaign that for lack of domestic grievances had hitherto presented few handholds for the Social Democrats now appears to be running strongly in their favor. Adenauer, by the offhand manner with which he first tried to turn aside the questions, clearly underestimated the strength of a public opinion that had never been told the facts of military life. The denunciations of atomic weapons by the Göttingen scientists and Dr. Albert Schweitzer have had a profound effect.

Moscow has lost no opportunity of reminding the Germans of the horror of having their homeland turned into an atomic battlefield. Moreover, even tactical atomic weapons assume a different aspect if the mile or so they would devastate has been your family farm or town for generations.

The German opinion polls, though

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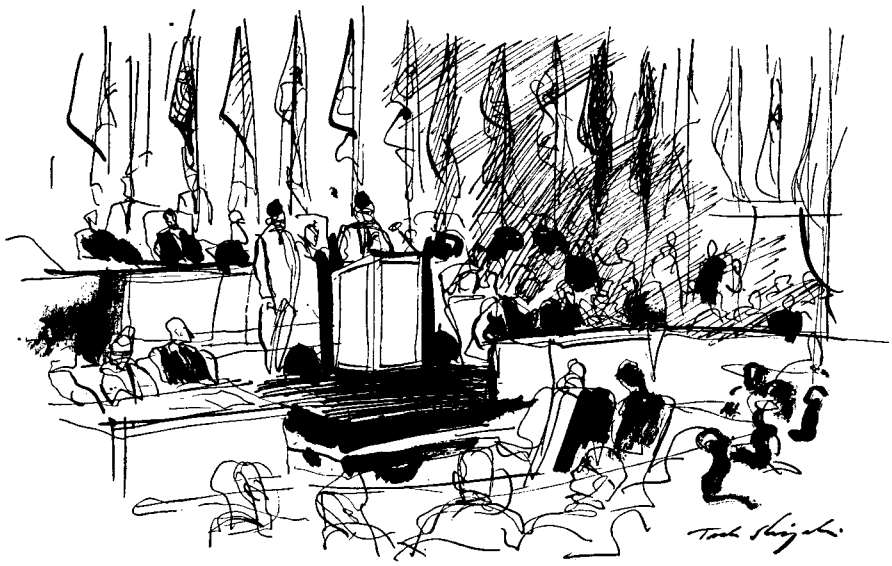
unreliable, now show well over fifty per cent of the electorate opposed to giving atomic weapons to the German forces, compared with thirty-three per cent in favor. And since the Social Democrats base all their military thinking on the hypothesis of a reunified Germany outside NATO, of a Europe in which the political tensions have been resolved, they feel free to oppose the use of atomic weapons without being called upon to justify the military implications of their policy.

ONE IRONIC aspect of this situation is that the U.S. forces in Germany, which have hitherto been proud to display their strength in tactical atomic weapons, are now anxious to draw a veil over their existence. Recently I was invited to visit a U.S. Corporal battalion in southern Germany. After a long journey, I was met by a flustered Army press officer who had just received a message from Washington that no more journalists were to be shown around. (Even so, I did manage to see some of the sights.)

Nor did the NATO meeting in Bonn do anything to strengthen Adenauer's position, though the holding of it in that curious uncomfortable transient camp of a capital—where the styles of Charles Addams and Conrad Hilton fight for architectural predominance—was largely designed to do just that. The final communiqué to which the German foreign minister, Heinrich von Brentano, had perforce to put his name implied very clearly that tactical nuclear weapons were essential to the alliance. Worse still, Lord Ismay, the retiring secretary-general, publicly reminded the press that in the last instance the decision of whether to accept these weapons was a matter for governments to make, not the NATO Council, thus rebutting the attempt of Brentano and Adenauer to pass the buck to NATO.

Tiptoe Tactics?

This has been one of the most unsettled springs in the long memory of Europe's farmers, with snow lying thick beneath the blossoming cherry trees in May. And the same is true of the political climate. For while the thunderhead of the atomic debate rolls up and down the Rhine, the



shadow of a larger cloud is spread across Germany, namely the possibility that the two superpowers have succeeded in alarming each other about the future implications of nuclear warfare to a point where they will agree to some form of limited disarmament or inspection system in Europe without settling the future of a divided Germany.

Harold Macmillan recently spent two days in Bonn reassuring Adenauer that, in his own phrase, Britain was not "tiptoeing out of Europe," and that suggestions for an agreement with the Russians for the "neutralization" of Germany, now being aired by Hugh Gaitskell and other Opposition speakers, formed no part of his official policy. Then President Eisenhower's statement at his press conference of May 8 that the United States would study "very sympathetically" plans for disarmament test areas in East and West Germany sent Bonn ten feet off the ground again. As with the furor over the purported Radford plan for withdrawing American troops last summer, no amount of subsequent soothing on the part of lesser American officials can succeed in allaying the fear that America's interests are no longer identical with Germany's. The nightmare that the United States and Britain, mesmerized by their own atomic arms race with the Russians, may conclude an agreement that leaves Soviet conventional forces in Europe as strong as ever haunts not only Germany but the whole of western Europe.

EVERY great European question is for the moment in flux. Will the NATO plan for a strong shield ever be completed? Is a limited disarmament agreement near fruition, as the ever-buoyant Harold Stassen insists it is? Will Germany emerge from the elections neutralist under the Social Democrats? If not, will its present deep distrust in the consistency of Washington and its even deeper distrust of the intentions of London make it decide to assume the leadership of a new military bloc in western Europe? France is within inches of deciding to become the fourth nuclear power, and will be swayed one way or another by the course of this year's disarmament negotiations. In consequence, the thoughts of more and more German officials are turning to the desirability of merging France's considerable ingenuity in the design of new weapons with their own fast-growing industrial power.

As a consequence of America's increasing detachment from the problems of its European allies and of Britain's threat to follow America into a position of atomic isolationism, the European members of NATO feel thrown back upon their own resources.

What they can do about it remains unclear even in their own minds. But they are not going to be second-class members of the club, providing the foot soldiers and the atomic battlefields while the Anglo-Saxon powers contribute gamma rays and strontium 90.

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Controls, Inspection, And Limited War

HENRY A. KISSINGER

ONE REMARKABLE ASPECT of the nuclear age has been a penchant for absolute solutions. In strategy it has led to our theory of deterrence, which identifies deterrence with the threat of maximum destruction. In diplomacy its symptom has been the quest for total peace, of which our approach to disarmament negotiations is the most notable example.

During the same month that Great Britain pressed the implications of our own strategic doctrine to their most rigorous conclusion, the major powers were negotiating about disarmament as if the perils of the nuclear age could be avoided at one fell swoop by a diplomatic instrument. From Korea to Indo-China to the Middle East, the real security problem has been the Communists' strategy of ambiguity. This Communist strategy, which is designed to multiply the hesitations and doubts of opponents, graduates its challenges to a point well below that likely to provoke a final showdown.

By leaving no middle ground between total war and total peace, both our strategic doctrine and our approach to disarmament prevent the attainment of a less dramatic but perhaps more realizable objective: the establishment of a military and diplomatic framework which would cause war, if it does come, to take less absolute forms and which might spare humanity at least the worst horrors of nuclear conflict.

As things now stand, the major powers could conceivably be drawn into a war entirely against their wishes. The conflict over the Suez Canal was hardly foreseen by the western powers and perhaps not even by the Soviet Union. And the Hungarian revolution came as a rude shock to the Kremlin. Both upheavals resulted in military action that prevailing strategic doctrines might easily have spread to an all-out war. Similar Soviet moves in East Germany or Poland would be fraught with even more danger.

The absence of any generally understood limits to war undermines the psychological framework of resistance to Communist moves. Where war is considered tantamount to national suicide, surrender may appear the lesser of two evils. A gap is thus opened between the quest for total peace and the military doctrine of total war—a gap in which the Soviet leadership can operate with relative impunity. Both strategy and diplomacy should therefore seek to pose less absolute alternatives; the former by developing a doctrine for limited war, the latter by using disarmament negotiations to obtain an understanding of the doctrine by other powers.

The Race Is in the Laboratories

The always difficult task of disarmament negotiations is made nearly impossible by the instability and complexity of weapons technology, which has made it difficult to agree either on reduction of forces or on control over the development of new weapons.

A reduction of forces is difficult to negotiate because it seeks to com-

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pare incommensurables. What, for example, is the relation between the Soviet ability to overrun Eurasia and American air and sea power? If the United States weakened its Strategic Air Command, it would be years before it could be reconstituted. If the Soviets should reduce their ground forces, they could be reassembled in a matter of weeks.

Even if a scale for the comparison of different weapons systems could be negotiated, that would still not remove the real security problem: the rapid rate of change of modern technology. Disarmament plans of the past were based on the assumption of a relatively stable weapons technology. Once the proposed reduction of forces was implemented, it was believed that strategic relationship would remain constant. But under present conditions the real armaments race is in the laboratories. No reduction of forces, however scrupulously carried out, could protect against a technological breakthrough. Even if strategic striking forces were kept at fixed levels and rigidly controlled, an advance in air defense sufficient to contain the opposing retaliatory force would destroy the strategic balance.

THE RATE of technological change has outstripped the pace of diplomatic negotiations. Because stockpiles have usually accumulated before negotiators could even agree on the nature of their problem, efforts to control the development of new weapons have proved futile. Since each scientific advance opens the way to innumerable others, it is next to impossible to define a meaningful point at which to "cut off" weapons development. At the beginning of the atomic age, a strict inspection system might have succeeded in stopping the elaboration of nuclear weapons. By 1952, it might still have been possible to control the development of thermonuclear weapons, albeit with great difficulty. The hydrogen bomb developed so naturally out of research and production of nuclear weapons that a foolproof inspection system would have been infinitely complicated. In any case, by 1957 the production of thermonuclear devices has so far outstripped any possible control machinery that the emphasis of disarmament negotiations has turned from eliminating stockpiles of thermonuclear weapons to methods of restraining their use.

Moreover, once a weapon is developed, the next stage is to elaborate its applications until ever-wider realms of strategy become dependent on it. A nation may be willing to forgo the offensive use of nuclear weapons, but it will be most reluctant to give up defensive applications, such as anti-aircraft or anti-missile weapons.

In short, it is possible to keep weapons from being stockpiled only when they are brand-new—when their implications are least understood. By the time their potential is realized, there is no possibility of preventing them from being added to existing arsenals. Thus if missiles are to be controlled, it will have to be within the next two years, before they go into mass production.

How Valuable Is Inspection?

The difficulty of developing meaningful control machinery to end the production and development of new weapons has caused most disarmament negotiations since 1955 to concern themselves with means to prevent surprise attack. It is argued that since one of the causes for present tensions is the insecurity produced by the fear of imminent catastrophe, an inspection system that reduced the danger of surprise attack would also remove some of the urgency from international relationships. This was the reasoning behind President Eisenhower's proposal at the Geneva "Summit" Conference in the summer of 1955 to exchange military blueprints with the Soviet Union and for the two powers to permit aerial reconnaissance of each other's territories. The principle that inspection may prevent surprise attack has been accepted in the Soviet counterproposal for stationing ground observers at strategic points in the territory of the other nation, and in the recent offer to open part of Soviet territory to aerial inspection.

It cannot be denied that the danger of surprise attack contributes to the tensions of the nuclear age, even if it does not cause them. It is less clear, however, that uncertainty about the opponent's intentions would be significantly reduced by aerial inspection, or that the inspection schemes could add a great deal to existing warning methods and intelligence information.

Because a strategic striking force could be wiped out if it were caught on the ground, it must be prepared to attack from its training bases at a moment's notice. If properly prepared, it should require no noticeable mobilization to launch its blow. An enemy should not be able to tell whether a given flight is a training

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mission or a surprise attack until his early-warning line is crossed.

To be sure, the Soviet Long Range Air Force has not yet reached this stage of readiness. Because it probably does not possess adequate capability for aerial refueling, it would have to transfer its planes to advance bases on the Kola or Chukchi Peninsulas, respectively east of Finland and west of Alaska, before it could attack. A system of inspection would inform us of this move and it might therefore increase our warning time. Nevertheless, the gain would be only relative, because any substantial movement of the Soviet Long Range Air Force to advance bases could hardly escape high-altitude detection or general intelligence surveillance even without inspection. And future Soviet planes will surely be able to launch an attack on the United States from training bases.

Because of the greater range of our planes and the nature of our base system, the Soviet Union would gain very little from either ground inspection or aerial surveillance. It knows the location of most of our airbases, and since it will presumably strike the first blow in an all-out war, it is assured of maximum warning in any case. It can be argued, of course, that the Soviet Union may not consider the danger of a United States surprise attack so slight, and that it would thus gain added security from an inspection system. But unless most of the planes are grounded all the time and both sides are certain that no substantial installations are hidden, there is no guarantee that planes on so-called training flights will not be used for surprise attack. Even filing flight plans in advance would not eliminate this danger. Given the speed of modern planes, by the time inspectors realize that a violation of a flight plan has occurred and can communicate this information to their home government, the planes will probably have reached the opposing early-warning lines. Moreover, if flight plans were cleverly arranged, it would be very difficult to discover whether a given flight was a move to advance bases or the prelude to an all-out attack.

Inspection could, of course, be linked to the grounding of all planes, except perhaps a very small number that would be insufficient to inflict a catastrophic blow. Such a course would be highly dangerous, however. It would be difficult to maintain the readiness or the morale of the retaliatory force without constant training. Since our strategy is more dependent on strategic striking forces than that of the Soviet Union, the grounding of all planes would work to the advantage of the other side. Even if we should develop a capability for limited war equal to that of the Soviet Union, the grounding of our strategic air force would stand to benefit our opponent. It would tell him the precise deployment of our retaliatory force and enable him to concentrate his attack and his defenses against it. To be sure, we would have the same information about the Soviet Long Range Air Force. But that information would be considerably less useful to us.

Three Hours at Most

The maximum warning that could be achieved by even a perfect inspection system is the interval between the time planes leave their bases and the time they would have been detected by existing warning systems. With present planes, this would amount to an interval of perhaps three hours for the nation under attack. The aggressor would gain no additional warning time from an inspection system because naturally he would alert his defenses before mounting his blow. To be sure, three hours is not negligible. But since neither side could be immediately certain that an apparent violation of inspection meant war, the victim might have trouble making effective use of the additional warning. He would be tempted to delay his counterblow until the aggressor crossed the early-warning line—which is precisely the situation today.

Moreover, as the speed of planes increases, the warning time will be progressively reduced. In the age of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile —less than ten years away—the maximum warning time possible, assuming perfect communication between the inspector and his home government, would be thirty minutes: the period of time the missile would be in transit. In the age of the missile and the supersonic bomber, even a foolproof inspection system will tell the major powers only what they already know: that their opponent has the capability of launching a devastating attack at a moment's notice and with a minimum of warning.

Since flying time from the interior of the U.S.S.R. to our early-warning line is about three hours with present planes, each base of the Soviet Long Range Air Force would have to be photographed at least every three hours. If the reconnaissance occurred at longer intervals,

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the early-warning line would provide a better indication of a surprise attack because an attack launched immediately after an aerial inspection would reach the early-warning line before the next reconnaissance sortie discovered that the opposing force had left its base. As the speed of planes increased, the frequency of reconnaissance missions would also have to be increased so that in practice reconnaissance planes would probably have to hover over enemy airfields almost constantly. And in the missile age it is not even certain that aerial reconnaisance could discover launching sites and be able to warn of impending attack.

It is therefore unlikely that our present vigilance could be reduced or that insecurity would be removed by any inspection system now in prospect. The machinery required would be so formidable and the benefits so trivial or uncertain that an inspection system might actually have pernicious consequences. It might give a misleading impression of security and therefore tempt us into relaxing our guard. More likely, however, it would induce both sides to place their striking forces in an even greater state of readiness in order to compensate for the loss of secrecy.

Indeed, unless designed with extraordinary care, a system of inspection might well make a tense situation more difficult. The value of inspection depends not only on the collection of facts but also on their interpretation. But the information produced by inspection systems is inevitably fragmentary and is likely to be most difficult to obtain when it is most needed—when international tensions are at their height. On the other hand, the only meaningful reaction to a seeming violation is to launch an immediate retaliatory attack, because protests could not begin to be effective before enemy planes had reached their target. The knowledge that all-out war would follow any apparent violations might well aggravate the tenseness of international relations. Instead of reducing the danger of thermonuclear conflict, an inspection system might make more likely an all-out war based on a misunderstanding of the opponent's intentions.

From the point of view of preventing an all-out war, ignorance may be preferable to partial knowledge. Disarmament negotiations, as heretofore conceived, may therefore cause war—if it does come—to take the most absolute form. In their attempt to find total solutions the negotiations may prevent the achievement of intermediary goals that *are* attainable.

Rules for Limited War

One such attainable goal would be to mitigate the horrors of war. One of the most important tasks of disarmament negotiations should therefore be to establish a common understanding of the possibilities and mutual advantages of limiting warfare.

Such a program would help overcome the impasse in which we find ourselves paralyzed by the implications of our own deterrent strategy. It would relate disarmament to strategy and thus help to bridge the gap that now exists between force and diplomacy. It would overcome a situation in which the Soviet leaders can conduct atomic blackmail in the guise of disarmament negotiations and undermine the will to resist by evoking the most fearful consequences of such a course.

Above all, a program to mitigate the horrors of war could be used to clarify the intentions of the opposing sides and thereby prevent the catastrophe of an all-out war resulting from miscalculation and misunderstanding. Even a unilateral declaration of what we understand by limited war would accomplish a great deal because it would provide a strong incentive to the Soviet Union to adopt a similar interpretation. Finally, given the likelihood that some nuclear weapons will be used in any war involving the two major blocs, even if it is not total, it is imperative to establish in advance the psychological and political framework of such a conflict.

It has been argued that the deliberate ambiguity of our present position, in which we do not define what we understand by limited war or under what circumstances we might fight it, is in itself a deterrent because the enemy can never be certain that any military action on his part will not unleash all-out war. But if we wish to pose the maximum deterrent, an explicit declaration of massive retaliation would seem far more advantageous. The goal of our ambiguity is to combine the advantages of two incompatible courses: to pose the threat of all-out war for purposes of deterrence, but to keep open the possibility of a less catastrophic strategy if deterrence fails.

Ambiguity, however, may give rise to the notion that we do not intend to resist at all—and thus encourage aggression. Or it may cause an aggressor to interpret resistance intended to localize the conflict as a

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prelude to all-out war. Instead of strengthening the deterrent and opening the way for a strategy short of all-out war, the deliberate ambiguity of our position may weaken the deterrent and bring on the most catastrophic kind of war.

Moreover, a diplomatic program designed to convey our understanding of the nature of limited war may be important because it is not certain that the Soviet leaders have fully analyzed all the options of the nuclear period. Marshal Zhukov and other Soviet leaders have denied the possibility of limited nuclear war both at the Twentieth Party Congress (Moscow, February, 1956) and afterward. If this represents their real conviction and not simply a form of psychological warfare, an energetic diplomacy addressed to the problem of limiting war might stimulate some second thoughts on the part of the Soviet general staff. In these terms, our diplomacy may have to be a substitute for lack of imagination on the part of Soviet leadership.

BEFORE we can convey our notion of limiting war to the other side, however, we must admit the possibility to ourselves. We must also be clear in our minds as to what we actually mean. At present no such clarity exists among either our military or our political leaders. Our services are operating on the basis of partly overlapping, partly inconsistent doctrines. Some of these deny the possibility of limited war, while others define it so variously that even from a strictly military point of view we are hardly able to conduct limited war either physically or conceptually.

If our military staffs could become clear about a doctrine of limited war, we could then use disarmament negotiations to seek some acceptance of that doctrine by the other side. It would not be necessary for such a concept to be embodied in an international treaty or even for the Soviets to adhere to it formally. There should be no illusions, in fact, about the ease with which the Soviets might be induced to forgo the advantages of atomic blackmail. The primary purpose of such a program would be to convey our intentions to the Soviet bloc and to encourage it likewise to consider a limitation on war in its own interest.

Sanctuaries and 'Clean' Bombs

Against this background, it is possible to visualize a diplomatic program designed to bring about a tacit, if not a formal, understanding of the framework of limited war. Although the details of such a program would require thorough technical study, some tentative ideas can nevertheless be advanced. Even if on closer examination some of these proposals appear not to be feasible, they may indicate a general direction worthy of serious attention.

Without damage to our interest, we could announce that while Soviet aggression will be resisted with nuclear weapons, we will make every effort to limit their effect and to spare civilian populations as much as possible. To this end, we could propose that both sides list the bases of their strategic air force. These bases would be immune from attack if located more than a certain distance from the combat zone (say fifty miles) and if they admitted inspectors. In the same way, all cities fifty miles from the combat zone would be immune. Within that zone, cities could purchase immunity by being declared open and admitting inspectors. An open city would be one that did not contain, within a radius of thirty miles from the center, any installations that could be used against military forces. The term "military installation" should be literally defined and not extended to industrial plants. Although the inspectors might be provided by neutral nations, it would be preferable if they were experts of the opposing side, because their reports would then have a much higher credibility.

The elimination of area targets would place an upper limit on the size of weapons that it would be profitable to use. While it would be impossible to control effectively the explosive power of various weapons, there is one self-policing dividing line: between weapons that produce significant fallout effects and those which do not. The former are devices detonated close to the ground with an explosive power above five hundred kilotons of TNT. The latter are weapons of a smaller size; higher-yield weapons exploded in the air; and so-called "clean" bombs, a new development that claims to practically eliminate fallout even in high-yield weapons. We might therefore announce that we would not resort to any nuclear weapons that produce dangerous fallout unless the enemy violates this principle.

SUCH A PROGRAM would have several advantages over disarmament schemes designed only to prevent surprise attack. In limited war the aggressor would still be anxious to avoid a thermonuclear holocaust. He would therefore be eager to continue to observe limitations—at least as long as the other side possesses a sufficient retaliatory force to make all-out war unattractive. And both protagonists would presumably be eager rather than reluctant to overlook occasional violations.

An additional advantage of the plan is that the inspectors could provide at least some political contact. Thus the mechanics of arms limitations would also improve the opportunity for a rapid settlement if the contenders should desire it. And by relating disarmament negotiations to military strategy, the plan would force opposing staffs to consider options other than the stark alternative of total peace (which may mean total surrender) or total war.

'We Would Lose Nothing'

It may be objected that the program outlined here would in effect neutralize cities and seriously interfere with military operations. From the military standpoint, however, it would seem to make little difference whether a city is neutralized by the presence of inspection teams or by atomic annihilation. As for impairing military operations, the handicap would be the same for both sides. The military will have to accept the fact that short of a thermonuclear holocaust purely military decisions are no longer possible, and that they must adapt their tactics to the new technology.

Other criticisms assert that a program for limiting war assumes a degree of human rationality for which history offers no warranty. But neither does history offer any example of the extraordinary destructiveness of modern weapons. A program that seeks to establish some

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principles of war limitation in advance of hostilities would seem in any case to make fewer demands on rationality than one that attempted to improvise the rules of war in the confusion of battle.

The idea that deterrence can only be achieved by the threat of maximum destruction deserves close scrutiny. The usual case of aggression has a specific objective. It is not necessary to threaten destruction of the home base of the enemy to inhibit it; it is sufficient to prevent the aggressor from attaining his goal. An aggressor would seem to have no motive for mounting an attack if he cannot calculate a reasonable chance of success.

The United States should therefore shift the emphasis of disarmament negotiations from the almost insoluble problem of preventing surprise attack to an effort to mitigate the horrors of war. We would lose nothing even if we announced a program of war limitation unilaterally. If the Soviet Union begins a war by an all-out surprise attack, we would react by using every weapon in our arsenal. If it begins hostilities on a limited scale, a limited war could be fought according to rules established well in advance. And the inspection system sketched here would serve a threefold purpose: as a warning against surprise attack, as an instrument for keeping the war limited, and as a device to maintain contact with the opponent so that a political settlement would be possible at any point in the military operations.

THE LIMITATION of war described here is impossible, however, without a strategic doctrine adapted to nuclear weapons. It presupposes an ability to use force with discrimination and to establish political goals in which the question of national survival is not involved in every issue. It also requires a public opinion that has been educated in the realities of the nuclear age. In short, a program of war limitation cannot be used as a cheaper means for imposing unconditional surrender. The concept of limited war and the diplomacy appropriate to it reflect the fact that in the nuclear age the possibility of total solutions no longer exists.

A CHANGE IN THE AIR

ERIC SEVAREID

The impression is deepening that on the world's most urgent problem, armament control, an initial agreement with the Soviet Union is really possible. There are two reasons for this: the fact that Dulles and Stassen went over the negotiations with the Senate Disarmament subcommittee before Stassen returned to the London talks; and the tone of the President's brief remarks at his news conference on May 22.

There is a walking-on-eggs feeling on this problem in high circles; this would not be so if the negotiations were still only in the stage of debating points for propaganda reasons. The President clearly doesn't wish to take a chance on a single egg being broken. He said on May 22 that our *first* concern should be to make certain we are not being recalcitrant or picayunish ourselves; that we are open-minded, ready to meet the Russians halfway. It was immediately assumed by his listeners that he was trying to remove any adverse impression made on the Russians by the jolting remarks of Admiral Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Radford, who had been away and out of touch with the negotiations for several weeks, bluntly stated that the Russians can't be trusted on a disarmament agreement or anything else. Radford does represent a continuing school of thought with this attitude, but this group is being challenged by another group, led by Mr. Stassen, who believe that this attitude would not only condemn the world to an eventually fatal arms race but is beside the point. They are equally opposed to buying a pig in a poke; the whole point of current negotiations is to get a beginning agreement that will be mutually enforceable and that does not depend on trust or "sincerity."

The President himself used to raise that objection—the question of Russian sincerity—almost automatically whenever this broad problem came up. It would seem highly significant that he is not doing so now. Pretty clearly, he is impressed with the fact that the Russians are making counter-proposals on the aerial-inspection idea. When he first proposed this at the Geneva Conference two years ago, the Russian leaders immediately scoffed at the whole idea. But now they have accepted it in principle. They are believed to be serious, not merely making propaganda, though the differences on the particular real estate to be inspected might bog the whole thing down. Nevertheless, this represents a vital Russian switch, and when the President says that our very *first* concern should be our own open-mindedness, then the whole negotiating atmosphere has obviously changed.

Why this change? Basically because the realization has sunk deep here, and apparently in Moscow, that neither country could reap anything but destruction in a big war and that the risks of sliding into such a war will grow as more and more nations are able to produce the ultimate weapons. Thus the urgent sense that unless these monstrous things are brought under international control soon, not even a binding Russian-American agreement could guarantee the peace. The day is foreseeable when even the smallest and most irresponsible nation could plunge the world into the pit.

In the background of this new atmosphere is the spreading feeling that we are dealing with a different Kremlin. Stalin is dead. There is an attempt by some experts within our government to break the hard mold of American thinking about Russia, the mold formed by so many years of cold war with Stalin. Automatic assumptions that Russia seriously intends to conquer the world, that she will take great risks with world peace as she did in Korea, that she dictates to Red China, that western Communist Parties will remain under Kremlin control—these basic assumptions are being challenged by some men in official quarters here. These men are convinced that Russia's stake in peace is quite as important as ours, and that the old Stalin type of harsh, tight rule, in Russia, in the satellites, and in western Communist Parties, is loosening and will continue to loosen. No more than the Radfords do these men argue for unilateral American disarmament; indeed, they think that would check present Russian trends and tempt the Kremlin back toward Stalinist expansionism. They do argue that certain conditions have changed and that, as the President has indicated, our own thinking must change along with them.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The Reform That Reformed Itself

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

SOME TIME next fall the oldest and hardiest municipal-reform movement in America will go on trial for its life. For the fifth time in thirty-two years the people of Cincinnati will vote to keep or to abandon proportional-representation voting, the key to a unique and surprisingly durable adventure in good city government.

Four times the voters of Cincinnati chose to keep P.R., but only by the slightest of majorities. Once again next fall, a few hundred votes will probably tip the scales—for continued reform or for a return to one-party machine rule. Technically, only a method of voting is at issue. But in reality this is a referendum on a municipal way of life.

Whatever its intrinsic virtues and defects, whatever its good or bad results in other cities, P.R. in Cincinnati has provided the means by which the dissimilar elements of the reform movement are fused into one cohesive body. P.R. is the force that gives them rough equality with the Republican machine. Its real function in Cincinnati, therefore, has been to provide two-party government for a city that had one-party government until 1925. If they abandon P.R., the people of Cincinnati will be voting to restore the old order, to give the G.O.P. machine the assurance of electing at least eight of the nine councilmen in every future election.

Do-Gooders Rarely Last

Reform in Cincinnati is a paradox of American politics. For this is not a city prone to innovation or to leveling social action. It is a city planted in the heart of the Taft country, with the climate and texture of a conservative hinterland.

From a pedestal in Lytle Park, a bronze Lincoln of heroic size looks with melancholy compassion westward down Fourth Street, between files of banks, office buildings, clubs, and well-bred shops. But the men of business and finance who people this street do not frequently look for guidance to the first leader of a Republican Party that was new and radical in his time—to the man who spoke at Gettysburg about "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Nor do they put their trust in the apostle of modern Republicanism who spends his weekends at Gettysburg. The conservatism of the solid Cincinnatians who flank Fourth Street is the brand articulated by men of their own Ohio—McKinley, Hanna, Harding, Taft, Bricker, Humphrey.

Yet Cincinnati is also an island of progress and innovation in municipal government. With more than half a million people, it is the largest city governed by a city manager; it has the most honest and efficient government of any of the larger cities of the nation. What is much more remarkable, however, is the fact that Cincinnati has had this high order of civic efficiency and integrity for thirty-two years without a break.

Lasting reform is a rarity. Typically, a city reforms only when corruption becomes so conspicuous that the voters get mad. Well-intentioned men move in, struggle against an evil system, and then give up after two or four or at most six years. Fervor, not endurance, is the pattern. The Nice People who promote reforms are almost never willing to go to the mound and pitch nine innings. They only want to toss out the first ball, preferably before a large crowd, when the new season starts. Politics, they figure, is like baseball, a game for professionals.

The persistence of good government in Ohio's second largest city is due most of all to the fact that the reformers, the Nice People who got mad, waded out into the main stream of politics. They knew politics was a dirty business, but they were persuaded it didn't have to be. So they went to the hustings themselves, much as other Nice People cover their blocks for the Community Chest or the Fine Arts Fund. They started out as do-gooders. And in spirit they are still do-gooders. But where methods and skills were concerned, they soon turned pro.

Furthermore, this was a double-barreled reform. In the 1920's, these do-gooders reformed the city government. In the 1930's and early 1940's, under the hammer blows of economic depression, they transformed their own reform movement into an instrument of liberal social policy.

The Cox Empire

It all began gradually, as major reforms must, with the slow accumulation of smoldering indignation. From

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1886 to 1925, Cincinnati was in the firm grip of a corrupt, conscienceless Republican patronage machine (which had seized power from an equally corrupt but less effective Democratic machine). This enter-

prise in exploitation was headed for twenty-nine years by George B. Cox, who ran the city amiably and profitably from a room over the Mecca saloon on lower Walnut Street. Cox progressed from bartender to saloonkeeper to bank president and millionaire, but his title was always simply "boss." He governed through two lieutenants, Garry Herrmann and Rud Hynicka. Herrmann, a jovial Teutonic type with a glad hand and a taste for beer, was Cox's ambassador to the German-American community, most of it still German-speaking then. Hynicka was a tough-minded, smooth-talking finger man who kept a card index on nearly everybody, with such entries from police and other records as might be needed to inspire a citizen's cooperation.

The Cox system was typical of predatory urban politics. These bosses worked hand in glove with the gas and electric and street-railway companies. City jobs were another source of power, and therefore of profit. Contractors on city jobs, a favored fraternity, made it worth while for the politicians who protected them from low bids by interlopers. Prostitution was made to pay off. So were the saloons. "Gambling privileges" were sold at good prices.

The streets were in such condition as to be downright hazardous. But the Nice People ignored the cavernous potholes, and kept themselves occupied with the symphony orchestra, the May music festival, the art museum, and various discreetly selected philanthropies. They kept their eyes sedulously off politics. It was better not to look. In the words of Lincoln Steffens, Cincinnati in that era was "the worst-governed city in the United States."

This forty-year span of one-party corruption was interrupted by two brief reform administrations at City Hall, Democratic but abetted by irate Republicans. Neither could last, however, because neither created any alternative political structure. They had nothing behind them but public anger, which is a most ephemeral currency. Finally, the early 1920's brought a new kind of reform movement, led by a dozen or so intelligent and dedicated rebels, mainly Republicans.

With their diverse talents, they hammered out a draft city charter, and then by ceaseless campaigning created a sweeping reform movement, harnessing the long-accumulated anger of a sullen electorate. And in 1924 they got an overwhelming vote—92,510 to 41,115—for adoption of the new home-rule charter. It was a purely local phenomenon. In that same year, this conservative Republican city was voting complacently for Calvin Coolidge, along with the rest of a complacent country.

This ambivalence was reflected in the divergent courses of the Taft brothers. Charles P. Taft, then fresh out of Yale Law School, was in the reform movement from the start, parting politically from his older brother Robert, who chose to stick with the machine for life and who never lost a chance to disparage or oppose the reform program in his home town. Charles Taft's loyalty and enthusiasm for bipartisan innovation have never wavered, despite the fact that his defiance of the regular Republican organization at the local level has surely cost him a distinguished career in national politics. Climaxing a generation of service to good government, he is the mayor of Cincinnati today.

The charter adopted in 1924 was in the best pattern of a new order of municipal governance. It provided for a small council of nine members, chosen by P.R. from the city at large. It provided for a city manager, appointed by the council for an indefinite tenure. He was to have complete authority over administration, freedom to choose his subordinates, and independence from politics. He was to be paid $25,000, then not subject to income tax. The managership of Cincinnati was designed to be—and for years was—the most highly paid public office in the country, excepting only the Presidency and the mayoralty of New York. Provision also was made for a merit system among city employees, with selection by competitive examination and security of tenure, divorced from party politics.

At this point the reform leaders made a fundamental decision: to stay in existence as the City Charter Committee, made up of Democrats, independent Republicans, and nonpartisans and to nominate candidates for council on their own ticket and campaign for them. They chose a slate of nine, secured the co-operation of the county Democratic boss, and elected six Charterites to the council. In fact, they only missed electing a seventh by seventy-seven votes. In 1925, at any rate, the people were still with them—strong.

Town and Gown

There had been a time when Cincinnati was a lusty, booming, ornery river town. On the eve of the Civil War it was the largest city west of the Atlantic seaboard except for New Orleans—which was the larger by only eight thousand. In the early 1870's, its leading citizens wanted new commerce to the south. So with city funds Cincinnati built the Cincinnati Southern

Railroad as far down as Chattanooga, Tennessee. Forgetful of its venturesome past, however, Cincinnati by the 1880's had lapsed into stolid conservatism as well as municipal corruption.

For many decades Cincinnati was predominantly German in culture and tradition, although this began

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to wear thin during the First World War. German settlement left a heritage of lower-middle-class conservatism, typified in the *Bauverein,* or building-and-loan association—so much so that even now when a bond issue or tax levy fails at the polls, "the *Bauverein* mentality" is cited to explain what happened. A considerable Irish mixture added flavor to the community without undermining its conservatism. The later immigrations, from Italy and eastern Europe, largely passed Cincinnati by.

Protestants and Catholics were in a normal urban proportion. The Jewish community has always been small—less than five per cent of the total. But it is of immense importance to the cultural life of the city, its philanthropies, and not least its reform movement. From this small minority, and especially from an elite of long-established German Jews, the Charter Committee drew not only votes but numerous first-rank leaders, many workers in the wards, and a generous share of its financial support.

THOUGH a great many businessmen have joined the reform movement, the business leadership of the city has always been dominated by what are still called "Taft Republicans." This is a somewhat confusing term nowadays in Cincinnati,

where Charles the Liberal reigns at City Hall. By and large, it describes people who are more conservative than the late Robert A. Taft ever was.

Echoing the ideas and emulating the posture of the business community, two of the three daily newspapers, the *Times-Star* and the *Enquirer,* were hostile to reform from the outset. The *Post,* less influential than the other two, has generally been pro-Charter. The press was a major hurdle for the reformers, and it still represents opposition.

Many a city that harbors a major university finds it to be a laboratory where new projects can be explored, mapped, and tried out experimentally. This cannot be said of the municipal University of Cincinnati, except in the fields of medical and other scientific or engineering research. Its presidents have kept a weather eye on the business and banking figures along Fourth Street, and a friendly smile and an open ear for the right-of-Taft tycoons at the stately Queen City Club, farther up Fourth Street.

The University has gone great guns in classical archaeology. One forms the impression that its field parties must by now have dug up half the barren soil of the Peloponnesus in their rediscovery of the ancient past. But in relation to the social and political life of twentieth-century Cincinnati, the University has been steeped in arid neutralism. (A group of U.C. students were discouraged from staging a mock political convention on the campus in 1951, because they couldn't guarantee that Robert A. Taft would be their nominee. Ben Tate, then Taft's campaign treasurer, was at the time a member of the U.C. board of directors.)

The climate and soil of the river city were not conducive to political innovation. Yet reform proceeded. The Charterites chose as their first city manager Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill of the Army Engineer Corps, previously in charge of public works in Washington, D.C. Sherrill was a martinet and a Virginia reactionary, but he had the virtue of complete political independence, and he knew how to get ahead with public improvements. For five years the new régime planned and built, and reshaped its public services. Businessmen or business-minded lawyers dominated

the council, made policy, and allotted funds.

Reform government in those years meant economy, honesty, modern methods and equipment, and freedom from partisan abuses. It did not mean social vision, experimentation, progressive policies on racial matters, or expansion of welfare services. Cincinnati had moved from the smugness of a corrupt city to the more justifiable smugness of an honest, efficient city, inordinately proud of its suddenly contracted virtue. But it still was governed strictly to the taste of conservative business leaders in a conservative city, sharing to the full the assurance of American business in the late 1920's.

Topographically, reform in Cincinnati was still on the hilltops where it began—among the Nice People. On the hilltops, in a great sprawling semicircle, were clusters of tree-lined, winding streets inhabited by the middle and upper classes. The typical Charter meeting of the early years was a late-afternoon tea in the spacious home of a well-heeled lawyer or businessman, with a gentlemanly Charter candidate for council speaking to thirty or forty well-dressed women, wives of other well-heeled lawyers and businessmen.

Within the circling hills, like the arena of a giant amphitheater, is the central Basin, four hundred feet lower in elevation and lower still in income level. There lived the Negro population and the mass of unskilled and semi-skilled wage earners—under the protecting wing

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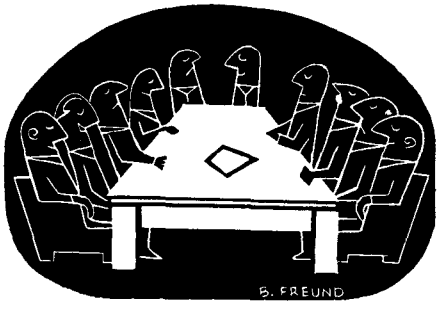
of the Republican machine. This eleemosynary institution was ever alert to their welfare, turning up a basket of lump coal, a courthouse job, or a pint of whiskey around election time, as human need and party strategy jointly might require.

In contrast, the Charter movement was a silk-stocking affair. It had no roots in the Basin wards, no real ties with the low-income citizens. Its leaders didn't talk the language of the working class, white or black. Virtually all the Negroes of the city, then exceeding one-eighth of the population, regularly voted Republican—and commonly in the expectation of some tangible reward. A major part of the organized workers, particularly the building trades, were kept in line for the G.O.P. year after year. The Charter organization made no dent on the frontiers of these Republican enclaves. It didn't know how to reach them; its social conscience did not encompass them; and besides, it had what seemed to be a secure majority in the hilltop wards.

Even higher than the hilltop wards is Indian Hill—in the 1920's a plush suburb of large estates for the horsy set beyond the eastern margin of the city. One of its residents, John J. Emery, was the second president of the City Charter Committee, serving from 1935 to 1938. Representing the third generation of great wealth in industry and real estate, Emery has been deeply devoted to the city, and



always in a generous and constructive fashion. In the early years of the reform movement, he gave it respectability, as well as time and money. Emery has never abandoned the Charter Committee, even after other businessmen began leaving its ranks in droves. But somewhere along the line his interests were sidetracked to the Art Museum. He has recently been lavishing most of his spare time in the acquisition of Botticellis and Persian miniatures.

Came the Depression

Towards the end of the 1920's, the Queen City on the Ohio seemed to be on a plateau of contentment. Even the Republican machine, after the first awesome shock, regained its cheerfulness. After all, it still had control of the county courthouse, with two thousand patronage jobs. On each jobholder it levied an informal tax of two to two and a half per cent of his salary, so it never lacked for campaign funds. It has consistently spent two to three times more than the Charter group in municipal campaigns.

But the Great Depression changed all this. Businessmen, hating That Man in the White House with every fiber, turned back to regular Republicanism—and to the Hamilton County machine and its candidates for city council. Wives dutifully followed suit. Some of the more gifted of the wives turned to oil painting, ceramics, and silk-screen printing as safe substitutes for block work in political reform. Before long, Robert A. Taft, attorney for the upper classes before an unheeding jury of the nation, began his crusade of the Right. And it came to be thought treasonable, on the hilltops at least, to violate party regularity. Furthermore, memories of the Cox era were losing their sharp definition. As a result, the ready sources of Charter funds and Charter votes were drying up.

Sherrill was replaced as city manager by C. A. Dykstra, a professional political scientist—able and knowledgeable, but not the type that businessmen warm to. Mass feeding and clothing of the jobless replaced the building of boulevards as the preeminent function of city government.

Riding Father Charles Coughlin's band wagon in 1935, an old-time Socialist and preacher named Herbert Bigelow, a tireless hater and baiter of public utilities, ran for council as an independent and won. When, later, he was elected to Congress, another independent replaced him. Thus did P.R. mirror the discontents of the electorate with mathematical precision.

Thus deserted by many of the Nice People, the Charter went

into a decline. It stayed there twelve long years, but kept a strong minority in council, thanks to P.R. The movement was held together through the lean decade largely by Councilman Albert D. Cash, an outspoken Irish-Catholic Charter Democrat. Cash later became mayor, and energetically proceeded to make the job into much more than a ceremonial title. Since his time, the city manager has been an unobtrusive, quietly efficient professional administrator, not a policymaker.

Cash's greatest service, however, was in reworking the ideology of the Charter movement to fit the contours of a new era. A devout New Deal Democrat, Cash made the Charter into a party of the Basin as well as the hilltops.

The Rise of Theodore Berry

This was possible, however, only because important new social forces were at work. As in most Northern cities, the Negroes, special victims of economic depression, were turning to the New Deal and the Democratic Party in ever-increasing numbers. In Cincinnati, they turned en masse from machine Republican to Charter. But it took from 1933 to 1939 for this change to register its full effect. And it took also the midwifery of a gifted Negro lawyer, Theodore M. Berry, who eventually was to become majority leader in council, its finance chairman, and vice-mayor.

The Charter Committee strategists reached out for the Negro vote with new policies on relief, recreation, employment, and housing that paralleled New Deal policies. Instead of dealing with the Uncle Tom types who had been content to pick up crumbs from the G.O.P. table, they deliberately sought out serious, self-respecting Negro leaders—men embodying the new dignity of a community that had grown in earn-

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ing power, education, and knowledge of their rights as Americans.

Theodore Berry was the ablest and most promising of these new Negro leaders. He ran as an independent in 1947 and was defeated, but made a good showing. Two years later he ran again, this time on the Charter ticket, and won. He has been re-elected ever since, and undoubtedly can win every two years as long as he wants to hold a somewhat thankless job as councilman at $8,000 a year. He can win because under P.R. voting he needs only about thirteen thousand first-choice votes, which the Negro community alone can supply with ease; and he has the support of many other Charter votes in reserve. For Berry has achieved a place of genuine leadership not merely in the Negro community but in the city as a whole.

Berry's public service has not been easy. Republican machine leaders bitterly resented the "theft" of their traditional monopoly of the Negro vote. Quite correctly, they blamed Berry and concentrated their fire on him. At times they have had some talented character assassins in their stable of speech writers and minor candidates. Every election has brought outrageous whispering campaigns against one of the most able and honorable civic leaders in all of Cincinnati's history.

ALONG WITH many Negro voters, the rapidly growing mass of organized industrial workers were joining the Democratic ranks in the 1930's. And here again the Charterites gradually found new support to replace their losses among the hilltop bourgeoisie. In 1933, in the trough of the depression, they elected James Wilson, a vice-president of the AFL and an amiable old-line labor figure of national prominence. He served two terms in the council. All during their twelve years in the minority wilderness, the Charterites had kept trying to elect another labor man. In 1945 they finally succeeded, and went on electing a labor candidate in the next four elections. Once they elected two —a CIO newspaperman and an AFL business agent.

The Charter was helped materially in all this by Jack Kroll, the well-known CIO theoretician who has kept his home in Cincinnati and his hand in Cincinnati politics even though he spends most of his time in Washington. It also got help from the Cincinnati Central Labor Council, which was mainly responsible for keeping Harry Proctor, the AFL business agent, on the council for six years.

Without this new support from Negroes and labor, the reform movement would have died of malnutrition in the 1940's. Instead, the Charter Committee has lost a series of skirmishes in the hilltops but won a crucial battle in the Basin. In the process its character has changed profoundly. It had begun as a little band of do-gooders, with the support of many middle-class Republicans and the routine backing of the Democratic organization. It has emerged from depression and war as an authentic cross-section of the whole city.

Throughout most of its existence, the Charter Committee has gained immensely by the dedicated service of its executive director, Forest Frank, who heads the small paid staff. A former newspaperman, Frank took the Charter job in 1935. He has a phenomenal memory for names, faces, political statistics, and genealogical detail. He also has a talent for persuasion that is singularly valuable for keeping a large organization of unpaid volunteers steamed up, but not at each other. And he learned long ago how to make sure that somebody else—not Forest Frank—gets the credit for whatever is achieved.

Weather Prediction

Reform in Cincinnati currently basks in the warm sun of public approval. The Charterites, with Charles P. Taft as mayor, enjoy a council majority of five—three Democrats and two independent Republicans. In the field of public improvements, new expressways are being extended through the rubble of demolished tenements and blighted areas are being leveled and redeveloped, or dressed up and renovated. The voters last year approved $35 million of new bonds for public improvements—the bait to entrap $200 million of Federal and state funds. A one per cent city income-payroll tax has solved the recurrent problem of insufficient revenues, of hand-to-mouth financing from crisis to crisis.

Claiming rightful credit for much of this, the Charterites have a good chance of holding their majority this fall. But they could lose an entire generation of accomplishment if they lost P.R. The most enduring city reform in America hangs by the slender thread of an intrinsically unpopular voting system.

Subject to this peril, reform has survived in Cincinnati because the party of reform has been continually reforming itself, in response to social changes. As in practically every other large American city, the Nice People of Cincinnati are moving steadily outward to the suburbs, beyond a corporate line frozen by a rural state legislature. Suburbia is siphoning off the type of people who were the typical Charterites in the 1920's. They take with them much of the Charter Committee's potential leadership and financial support. Cincinnati is on the way to becoming predominantly a community of wage earners, Southern whites, Negroes, and some white-collar workers. By and large, the Charter Committee has gotten most of their votes, but it has not converted them to the habit of rolling up their sleeves and getting into politics.

The sun is still warm over Cincinnati's historic reform movement. But there are dark clouds on the horizon.

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Khrushchev Charts A New Economic Course

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE SUPREME SOVIET'S May decision to adopt, with a few modifications, Khrushchev's scheme for the overhaul of the entire Soviet industry is likely to have far-reaching consequences for the Soviet Union and therefore in some measure for the world at large. Khrushchev has set in motion a chain of developments no less important, though less spectacular, than the one he started last year with his exposure of Stalin at the Twentieth Congress.

This is indeed another great break with the Stalin era. With one stroke Khrushchev has attempted to sweep away the whole administrative structure of Soviet industry as it has grown up, taken shape, and become fixed in the course of nearly thirty years.

Involved in the new reform are no fewer than two hundred thousand functioning industrial concerns and about half that number of establishments still under construction. These concerns employ a good half of the Soviet Union's adult working population.

Obviously, no government undertakes so vast a reform unless it has weighty and urgent reasons for doing so. Last February Premier Bulganin admitted to the Supreme Soviet that the current Five-Year Plan had not been based on a realistic assessment of resources, that it had led to the waste and freezing of much capital, and that it was in need of a thorough revision. The government has so far not been able to produce the revised plan. Within recent months it has repeatedly reorganized the planning agencies, first splitting them up into two separate bodies, one designed for long-term and the other for short-term planning, and then merging them back into a single Gosplan, or supreme planning authority. The two chief planners have been dismissed or transferred: Maxim Z. Saburov in December and Mikhail G. Pervukhin in May. They have been replaced by Joseph J. Kuzmin, a relatively unknown economist who has been appointed head of the Gosplan and a first deputy vice-premier, even though he was not a member of the Presidium.

But discontent in the Soviet ruling group with the economic-administrative setup inherited from the Stalin era can be traced much further back. When Malenkov took power, on March 6, 1953, he abolished a number of ministries within a few hours of Stalin's death. By March 15 he had cut their number from forty-five to fourteen. Later, at the time of Malenkov's eclipse, the ministries re-emerged.

KHRUSHCHEV'S scheme is broader than Malenkov's ever was. Where Malenkov merely tried to simplify the existing economic administration, Khrushchev is setting out to change the whole structure from top to bottom.

Hitherto, Soviet industry has been organized almost exclusively along vertical lines, each industry being controlled by a ministry in Moscow. There were almost no horizontal links between the various industries. A coal producer in the Ukraine, for instance, could not deal directly with a steel producer or a machine-tool producer in the same town or district. He could buy his mining equipment and sell his coal only through his ministry in Moscow, which dealt with the other industrial ministries.

In this way Stalin had reserved for Moscow the power of decision on almost any economic transaction. The resulting overcentralization had, from Stalin's viewpoint, great political advantages as well: It did not allow the producers on the spot to come together to express common interests, to formulate joint policies, or to combine in any degree against the center.

Khrushchev

With the advance of industrialization, however, the system has grown increasingly obsolete. Technological specialization brought into being ever new branches of industry—and ever new ministries in Moscow. The administrative machinery at the center grew incredibly cumbersome. Its various parts constantly overlapped. (Khrushchev revealed that no fewer than three ministries managed Moscow's electrical power plant!) The most inflated staffs could not hope to cope with the mass of important questions that producers were obliged to refer to Moscow. It was only because of its great inherent momentum that the Soviet industrial machine did not grind to a standstill.

A New Federalism

The principle of Khrushchev's reform is horizontal organization. The whole of the Soviet Union is now being divided into ninety-two regions, each with an economic council, or Sovnarkhoz, of its own. All state-owned concerns of any given area (with the exception of smaller factories run by the municipalities) come under the management of the regional council. The coal producer, the steelmaker, the engineer, and the textile manufacturer on the spot will at last be able to deal directly with each other, or, if need be, through their regional council.

Most of the economic ministries in Moscow have been abolished. Even those that are left—the ministries in charge of defense industry—are divested of the functions of management.

Regional economic councils had

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existed during the early years of the Soviet régime. Stalin abolished them because he was afraid of them as potential organs of economic autonomy. It is as such that they are now being revived. Economic power is being diffused throughout the country, and a strong element of federalism is brought into the new economic constitution of the Soviet Union. The various republics and autonomous areas are ceasing to be an amorphous and inert mass in Moscow's hands and are beginning to acquire an economic and social identity of their own.

HORIZONTAL organization does not exclude a measure of vertical control and direction from above. Indeed, without these an economy planned on the national scale would be inconceivable. The ninety-two economic councils are, of course, to be integrated with the general administrative machinery of the Soviet Union. But in the process of this integration Moscow is losing its preponderance. The sixteen republican governments of the Union, and not the All-Union government in Moscow, are to appoint the regional councils. Moscow reserves the right to veto the appointments and also to veto decisions of national importance that may be taken by the regional councils. But by abdicating the right to manage and command and substituting for it the power of veto only, Moscow places itself in a much weaker position vis-à-vis the provincial centers. The premiers of the republican governments will be members of the central (the All-Union) government in Moscow. In this way the republican or provincial governments are to participate much more closely than hitherto in shaping Moscow's policy, while Moscow hopes through the provincial premiers to exercise influence and control over the regional economic administration. But influence and control acquire a new meaning. The central government may guide, exercise pressure, and in extreme cases use the veto, but it loses the right to manage, to hire and fire, to promote and demote, and to take practical decisions concerning the work of industry.

Thus in the economic sphere Moscow ceases to be master of life and death over millions of state employees. The political significance of this reform—if it is carried out according to its letter and spirit—is clear.

Planning from Below

Under the new dispensation the role of Gosplan assumes new weight. The function of Gosplan is to co-ordinate the work of the ninety-two economic councils and to ensure that the right proportions are maintained in the production of the various regions and branches of industry. Since Gosplan must continue to plan vertically for entire national industries, it will absorb some of the personnel and the functions of the disbanded ministries. In addition, Gosplan is to plan, not administer; to guide, not enforce.

The method of planning is also to be radically reformed. Until now—this practice too has been in force for nearly thirty years—Gosplan has fixed the over-all five-year and annual targets for every industry. These were broken down into smaller targets for the various sections of the industry, down to the basic productive unit. Gosplan's target was law. The manager of a factory or mine could not declare any target unattainable, even if it was.

This practice is to be abandoned. Planning from below is to take its place. The basic units of production are first to declare how much they expect to be able to produce within a year or a five-year period. Next the regional councils are to fix their targets, and only then is Gosplan to integrate the ninety-two regional plans into a single national plan.

Gosplan retains an important instrument of economic pressure: credit policy. Through the State Bank it should channel the central financial resources throughout the ninety-two regions in such a way as to ensure balance of production and investment. But the bulk of industrial profits will no longer have to be transferred to Moscow as before. It will, as a rule, be distributed and invested by the regional economic councils. Moscow is to channel directly only surplus resources from regions with an excess of investment capital to regions with deficit; in effect, from the highly industrialized to the still underdeveloped areas.

Finally, the central government gives up direct control over industrial manpower. This, too, comes under the regional councils. Moscow will thus no longer be able to shift masses of, say, Ukrainian workers to industrial centers in Soviet Asia.

IN LAUNCHING his reform Khrushchev has banked on the bureaucracy's inability to obstruct and sabotage it and on the people's "mature outlook" on economic affairs.

At first sight the whole reform looks like a fantastic duel between the party's general secretary and the entire body of a powerful bureaucracy. None of Khrushchev's colleagues in the Presidium has uttered a single word publicly to support him on this occasion. By its silence the Presidium demonstrates its own reserve and indicates that Khrushchev "goes it alone," although he must, in fact, have obtained for his move the approval of at least a small majority in the Central Committee. (This is at least the second time he finds himself in such a situation, for he had behind him only a slight majority of the Central Committee when he came out with his "secret speech" about Stalin at the Twentieth Congress.)

It seems even more puzzling that the leaders of the Soviet managerial groups should allow themselves to be so ruthlessly shorn of power, prerogatives, and privileges. Whence their meekness?

It would be incorrect to suggest that Moscow's bureaucracy has put up no resistance at all. Nearly six weeks elapsed between March 30, when Khrushchev first announced his scheme, and May 7, when he presented it to the Supreme Soviet. During these weeks the leaders of the industrial trusts directed a heavy fire against the scheme, and echoes of the barrage reverberated even in the Soviet press.

As a result, Khrushchev has been compelled to retreat on one sector, the one comprising ministries in charge of defense industries. In March he held his ax over those ministries, but in May he came to the Supreme Soviet to plead in a somewhat chastened mood that the ministries be allowed to survive. The incident threw a significant light on the alignment within the

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ruling group: It showed that only the military were strong enough to stand up immediately to Khrushchev. But even his retreat on this sector underlines the strength of his position, for he has not gone back all the way—he has merely struck a compromise. The ministries in question are not to be disbanded, but neither are they to remain in operational command of their industries. The armament plants, too, are to pass under the effective management of the regional councils, and the ministries are to act only as planning and co-ordinating authorities.

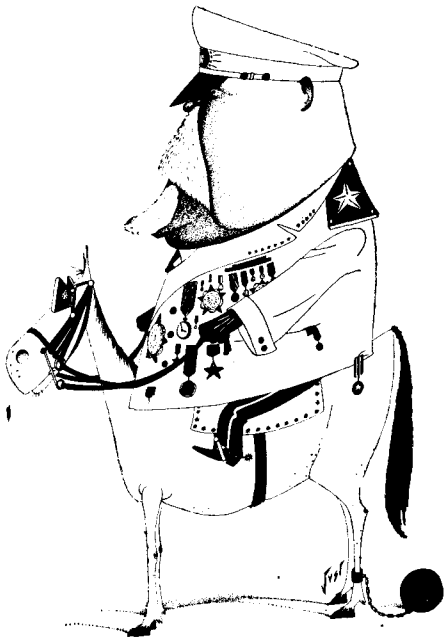
Khrushchev has foreshadowed a continuation of the attack on the bureaucracy. He revealed that since Stalin's death no fewer than nine hundred thousand "bureaucrats" had lost their jobs, and he gave advance notice of further reductions. He ridiculed the vast staffs of "industrial controllers" spawning on the productive labor of Soviet workers. There were, he said, at least four hundred thousand such useless creatures on industrial payrolls, and he promised that most of them would be fired. As to the managerial groups entrenched in Moscow and the other capital cities, they would have to scatter to all corners of the Soviet Union, which indeed seems necessary if the scheme is not to remain on paper. If Khrushchev succeeds in all this, he will have carried out a trust-busting operation the like of which the world has never seen. But can he succeed?

So far Moscow's bureaucracy has displayed confusion and disarray, while Khrushchev has shown himself determined not to give it time to recover. He is waging his blitzkrieg against it. He will not, he says, allow the reform to be killed by procrastination; the whole work connected with the overhaul should be completed by the end of June.

Dividing the Bureaucracy

Where does Khrushchev draw the strength for his drive? It is tempting to suggest, as some commentators have done, that he is backed by the party machine, which hopes to gain at the expense of the industrial bureaucracy. But it is difficult to see what benefit the party machine can derive from Khrushchev's operation. If anything, it too stands to lose, because as long as Moscow exercised control over all industry, the party machine there exercised, to a large extent, that control or participated in its exercise.

Khrushchev has, in fact, succeeded in dividing the bureaucracy itself. He has set the provincial managers against the bigwigs in Moscow. The provincial managers are not a negligible force. As industrialization has spread from the center outward, their numbers, achievements, and aspirations have grown. But, bullied and downtrodden by Moscow, they have long nursed their grievances in silence. Khrushchev, who probably experienced similar frustrations himself during his years in the Ukraine, has set himself up as their defender.



Bulganin

Yet the legion of provincial managers provides him with only part of his backing. He appeals to the mass of the workers and most specifically to the foreman against the managerial oligarchies. He made no bones about this when he addressed the Supreme Soviet. He referred to the demands for wider prerogatives that factory managers had raised and cold-shouldered such demands. He went on to say: ". . . we ought rather to raise the status of those who should in the first instance be responsible for the quality of production, the status of the foreman and of the shop manager. The worker, the foreman, and the shop manager are our best controllers."

His initiative reflects a nationwide revulsion against bureaucracy. This tide of popular hostility has half-paralyzed the leaders of the managerial groups and made it difficult if not impossible for them to rally to the defense of their positions. The overgrown bureaucracy, jealous of its power and greedy for privilege, is now a costly and useless anachronism. The nation sees it as an impediment to further progress, and the bureaucracy's own realization of its usefulness and absurdity has shaken its self-confidence and militancy.

Some Power to the Soviets?

Forty years after the October Revolution, questions concerning the meaning of social control over the economy have come once again to dominate Russian minds. The slogan about "the worker's control over the factory" (a Leninist slogan that had since been forgotten in Russia) has penetrated into the Soviet Union from Yugoslavia and Poland, where that control is supposed to be exercised by workers' councils.

The workers' councils and their "direct control over production" have found no favor with Khrushchev or his colleagues. When he last visited Yugoslavia and the Titoists showed him with pride their workers' councils, Khrushchev replied: "If we were to introduce such councils in our factories, our whole industry would collapse overnight."

But if the idea of the workers' "direct control over production" remains taboo in public debate, another idea, partly akin to it, has cropped up. In his address to the Supreme Soviet, Khrushchev dealt with demands "raised by some comrades" that the elective soviets, not the provincial governments, should appoint the regional economic councils and control them. The vesting of economic powers in the soviets—this, too, was originally a Leninist idea—might give back to the soviets part of the political prominence they once enjoyed.

Khrushchev has rejected this demand, also, but he did so in a rather gingerly manner. "This," he said, "would not be expedient *for the time being*." He was aware that he was

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on uncertain ground and that the demand that elective soviets should assume control over industry might in due time become a battle cry of "Soviet democracy."

Khrushchev has thus to fight on two fronts: against those who claim for the mass of the people a far higher degree of control over the state and the economy than he is prepared to concede and against the bureaucracy which may still seek to obstruct his reform. At the present time, the "front against the bureaucracy" is for him the more important and the more dangerous. He himself has warned that "This reform will not by itself kill bureaucracy," and he has called for continued vigilance and a continuous crusade. He has amended the constitution and written the abolition of the ministries into it. It remains to be seen if these ministries will vanish. If they do, a great reshuffle of the government will probably be announced.

THE MAIN DIFFICULTY, however, awaits Khrushchev's reform only after he has succeeded in dispersing Moscow's managerial groups. Will the regional councils form themselves into just as many "autarchic" satrapies, refusing to co-ordinate their activities and refusing to manage their industries in the national interest? And prior to that, will not the administrative upheaval slow down the wheels of industry and bring some of them to a halt?

The first answers will hardly be available before the end of the year, when the annual results of work in industry are usually announced, and they may not be available even then. Khrushchev evidently hopes that the climate of Soviet opinion will continue to favor his experiment, and that the pressure of opinion will tell on the one hand against the holdovers of the Stalin era who may try to maintain control in Moscow, and on the other against the new bureaucracies that may form in the provinces. He relies heavily on the nation's economic maturity to permit neither overcentralized control nor the fragmentation of the national economy. At the root of his reform is his strikingly optimistic view of the state of Soviet society, a view which events will no doubt subject to an impartial test.

Indonesia: Growing Opposition To Sukarno's 'Gotong Rojong'

GORDON WALKER

JAKARTA

ANOTHER crisis is now brewing in this troubled republic where communism, nationalism, and Islamism coexist in explosive discord.

Before it is finally settled, the entire shape of the nation may be changed once again. The new "Gotong Rojong" (or "guided democracy") that President Sukarno inaugurated in May could well prove abortive. And many key personalities—not excluding Sukarno himself—may be listed among the missing.

This is the picture one gets, not here in Jakarta, where a state of war and siege is the order of the day, but in the outer islands, where powerful separatist movements have sprung up in defiance of central government rule, whether by president, parliament, cabinet, or army.

These are not the irresponsible stirrings of former revolutionaries who cannot believe that the battle is over. The separatists—all the way from Sumatra to Celebes—are led by cautious, shrewd, and experienced men who have displayed far more integrity and concern for public welfare than the central government has, at least during the past two years.

They oppose the concept of Sukarno's guided democracy. They oppose Communist participation in government. They oppose the president himself as leader of the state because they believe that events in the country have passed over his head.

And now, with the economic strangle hold they have imposed on the republic's capital, it is almost a certainty that they will induce even greater changes in the archipelago than have so far been brought about.

To understand fully the bloodless revolution that is sweeping Indonesia today and that has resulted in at least an interim dictatorship under Sukarno, it is necessary to recapitulate some of the major events that have taken place since the Indonesian president returned last fall from his tour of the Communist countries.

Boiling Down Freedoms

Circumstantial evidence points to the fact that it was Sukarno's trip to Moscow and Peking which inspired his belief that parliamentary government in Indonesia should be subordinated to rigid and monolithic government from the top.

The germ of the idea, however, was probably first planted back in August, before his trip, when Mme. Sun Yat-sen visited Jakarta as an official emissary from Red China. Mme. Sun, widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and estranged sister of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, told Sukarno that China had boiled down the Four Freedoms to two: freedom of expression and freedom from want. Because of the critical necessity of achieving the latter, she went on, her country had been forced to shelve the former.

Sukarno did not at that time display any public reaction to this philosophy, though several of his close associates seized on it and began sending up trial balloons. It can be presumed, however, that Sukarno mulled over these lessons in applied administration, and then, on August 26, set out for Moscow and Peking to see for himself.

Those close to the president say that he was not overly impressed with what he saw in the Soviet Union, but that he was definitely struck by his observations in Red China. He had been openly friendly with Premier Chou En-lai during the 1955 Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung. On several occasions since then he has compared Peking's Five Principles of Coexistence with Indonesia's own founding Five Principles.

At any rate, Sukarno began evincing a change of ideas almost imme-

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diately upon returning from Peking. This became abundantly clear at a youth rally here on October 28, when he made what seemed like an off-the-cuff suggestion that Indonesia "bury the political parties." Events since then have indicated that far from being an offhand remark, this was the opening move in a deliberate and carefully planned campaign to transform the republic.

CERTAINLY, from the way things were going in Indonesia in late 1956, some sort of change was needed, and a wide segment of the nation's top political leadership knew it. Almost unbelievable corruption within the government and even among the political parties had drained off huge chunks of the republic's vital foreign-exchange reserves. Parliament had become an arena for petty, time-consuming feuds. Mounting criticism from the press resulted in efforts to curb free speech and its various media. And the army—always suspected of trying to set up a Nasser-type junta—began moving more decisively into the political field.

But responsible leaders of the republic, men like Vice-President Mohammad Hatta, Masjumi Party (Moslem) chairman Mohammad Natsir, and Socialist Party boss Sutan Sjahrir, felt that abolition of the political parties was going too far. The parties themselves looked upon Sukarno's suggestion as a step toward dictatorship. They felt that there were other avenues to be explored before such drastic measures became necessary. And as opposition to Sukarno's ideas gained ground, the beginnings of a crisis became evident.

Things came to a head in December, when Vice-President Hatta suddenly resigned and went into retirement in his Jakarta villa. He gave no specific reason for this dramatic step, which smashed the dual leadership that had first launched the independence movement in 1945 and that had held together ever since. It was fairly well established, however, that Hatta disagreed violently with Sukarno's views. In retrospect it can be supposed that Hatta was aware that Sukarno was going to push through his ideas regardless of what those around him thought.

The effects of Hatta's resignation were felt immediately. Fears and apprehensions in the capital that had come to the surface two months earlier now flared into near frenzy. But even more important than the effect of his resignation upon the capital was its effect upon the outer islands, where the desire for greater autonomy had already begun to emerge, where suspicion was strong that Jakarta was reverting to the old Dutch game of divide and rule, and where it was believed that Jakarta was bleeding the provinces for its own benefit.

Hatta, a native Sumatran, symbolized for most of the outer islanders a strong and sympathetic ally at court. And as a respected and honored leader, he made up somewhat for the fact that under the unicameral legislative system the outer islands were more or less at the mercy of a predominantly Javanese central government.

His resignation almost immediately touched off a series of revolts in Sumatra and the Celebes and increased tension in south Borneo and several of the smaller islands. Spearheading these revolts were the outlying military commands, where sectional loyalties had developed a new kind of minor war lord.

'Sign on the Dotted Line'

Even this fragmentation process, however, did not alter Sukarno's determination to push through the new idea. In February he made his now historic speech, stating that democracy imported from the West was wrong for Indonesia and advocating what he called a guided democracy.

In the midst of the new furor that this speech created, the corruption-riddled cabinet of Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo crumbled; the following day, Sukarno proclaimed a state of war and siege throughout the republic.

Showing even more clearly that he was following a well-prepared plan, Sukarno then appointed Nationalist Party leader Suwirjo to form a new cabinet, giving him an unrealistic deadline. When the deadline expired, the president stepped in to proclaim that he himself would be the one to form a cabinet under the emergency powers vested in him during a state of war and siege.

The circumstances under which Sukarno picked his new cabinet were considered significant, particularly by Indonesians who had become convinced that Sukarno was still bent upon wiping out or at least cutting back the political parties.

The president began by summoning to Merdeka Palace a group of some seventy national leaders from political parties, religious groups, the outer islands, and the three military services.

Observers who attended this unique conference were struck by the heavy admixture of top army, navy, and air-force brass, and by the somewhat bewildered expression on the faces of the civilians. It was a bold power play, and the president, clad in black Moslem cap and a simple gray uniform, executed it with the superb agility he has frequently displayed in emergencies.

He informed the gathering that because normal methods had failed he was appointing himself to set up an extraparliamentary cabinet of experts. The president then proceed-

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ed to give each delegate a written questionnaire which asked if each member present, as an individual, would agree in principle to sit in such a governing body. He further asked that the delegates sign their names and return the questionnaires to him within a few minutes.

This was a simple matter for those in the audience who were from the military or were not affiliated politically. But for those who had membership in the various parties, there was no time in which to consult party advisers. As a result, most of those present signified their assent; only those attached to the Masjumi Party abstained.

But it was not so much that Sukarno had received a mandate to form a cabinet without the normal sanction of parliament. What heightened fears among many of the parties was the fact that Sukarno seemed to have set a precedent for by-passing the parties and parliament as well. The feeling was strong in some political circles that the president was now definitely aiming at abolition of the existing parties in favor of a mass party that would include all Indonesian groups whose aims were nationalistic.

In the subsequent selection of his cabinet, Sukarno did not include any Communists, though he did select three men who were known to have strong ties with them.

The president then went on to the next stage in his plan. Again ignoring both parties and normal constitutional procedures, he announced on May 8 that he was now ready to inaugurate his conception of guided democracy. There may be some significance in the fact that Sukarno launched his plan during the state visit to Indonesia of Soviet President Kliment Voroshilov.

According to a government communiqué, the new system would consist mainly of a National Advisory Council, composed of leaders from the peasants, intelligentsia, political and religious groups, and youth movements. The council is to be led by Sukarno himself, who will have sole powers of selection and dismissal. As explained by a government spokesman, the council's assignment will be to "advise the cabinet and parliament, with or without their consent."

Beyond this, neither Sukarno nor any of his close associates have provided any clue as to precisely what guided democracy means. It is clear, so far, that Indonesia will now be run by an arbitrarily selected group of elder statesmen, with all other institutions of government assuming a subsidiary role.

What remains to be seen is whether the political parties will be abolished by edict or merely allowed to wither away. It also remains to be seen what part the Communists will take.

The immediate and continued support which the Communist Party (P.K.I.) has given Sukarno's concept of guided democracy, however, is testimony to the fact that the Communists look upon it as a move that, if not patterned after the theory of government in the Soviet Union and Red China, at least adopts roughly similar methods.

Thus, through a series of steps that began shortly after his tour of the Communist countries, Sukarno has put into operation a plan of government that he recognized would not have been possible if he had been forced to rely upon majority opinion.

It has been a highly successful coup, attended by no small element of risk. And it has caught most of Sukarno's opponents off guard. But the president faces growing and formidable opposition. And it is by no means clear that the new guided democracy is to be a permanent feature of life in Indonesia.

Dancing Girls and Incense

One of the biggest factors is that Sukarno himself has lost too much popularity to be any longer considered as a unifying force within the republic. Even after the split with Hatta, Sukarno could still count on his own personality and eloquence to sway the masses, though it had become apparent that he no longer held the same power over the intellectuals. Now, however, even his popularity in rural areas has shown a sharp decline. And his public-relations advisers are hard put to pick an area in the peasant kampongs where a high decibel rating of applause can be assured.

During the height of Sukarno's popularity, there was a tendency to overlook his personal intemperance. There was some stir when he took his second wife, but this was only transitory. Now, however, a number of people are beginning to frown upon such goings on. Criticism ranges from that directed against the lavish puppet-show soirees on Saturdays in Merdeka Palace, replete with dancing girls and heavy incense, to that which blames the president for permitting the government to fall into cesspools of corruption. And whether justifiably or not, Sukarno is blamed for the fact that Indonesia has made little progress in raising its citizens' living standards. The papaya and the paddy are still sufficient to prevent any widespread malnutrition, but the average farmer is unable to purchase

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whatever he cannot grow or produce.

Sukarno must also bear the blame for the fact that there are today fewer trains and less railway mileage than there was when independence was proclaimed in 1945. Because of the prevalent tendency to look to leaders to solve all the problems, the man in the street accuses Sukarno of permitting the Dutch to retain their economic strangle hold on the republic, of neglecting education (which is nearly as backward today as it was under the Dutch), and of permitting "foreign imperialists" to reap the benefits of natural resources.

A GREAT DEAL of this, obviously, is unjust criticism. Progress in a backward country like Indonesia is necessarily slow. But this is an axiom that goes unheeded by impatient youth in Indonesia, and particularly among those who fought for freedom without fully comprehending the responsibilities they were also inheriting. Thus it is that Sukarno, who promised so much and who has delivered so little, is the scapegoat for all the nation's maladies.

The president still enjoys the support of the Nationalists (P.N.I.), the Communists, and an uncertain portion of the Nahdatul Ulama, which is the dissident offshoot of the Masjumi Party. But he faces a gradually coalescing body of opposition led by the Masjumi, the Socialists, most of the smaller parties, and, significantly, the army. The army still recognizes Sukarno as its commander-in-chief. But the army, as such, now consists largely of the officers who make their headquarters in Jakarta. In the outlying islands, the various territorial commands have either already refused to obey orders from the top or are following a more or less independent course of action based upon sectional interests.

Basically, the army disapproves of Sukarno's guided democracy. It is adamantly opposed to the president's theory that merely because the Communists are now the republic's fourth largest party they should have a share in the running of the government.

The point from which Sukarno's greatest challenge comes, however, is from the rebels in the outlying islands who since last December have openly challenged the authority of Jakarta and established local autonomous régimes.

If Sukarno had recognized the potential power of the separatists and loosened somewhat the bonds of centralized government rather than trying to tighten them through his guided democracy, he might have won over or at least weakened the dissidents. Instead, his unilateral actions have strengthened their resolve and convinced many of the fence sitters. With the backing of the still powerful Hatta and of large segments of the army, the separatists may very well have it within their power to force Sukarno to make amendments to his new system of government, and it is conceivable that they could even force him to resign.

Up in Central Sumatra

Here in Jakarta, an observer is deliberately led to believe that the separatists are little more than scattered groups of disorganized rebels—something like the fanatical Darul Islam bands which raid and loot. Tight censorship of foreign news dispatches, not to mention the local press, which is periodically suspended and otherwise terrorized into ignoring the issue, helps to foster this illusion.

Up in central Sumatra, however, where the first revolt against government authority took place last December, the picture is different. The Banteng Council, as the central Sumatra movement is called, welcomes observers. And their stronghold, based in the city of Padang, is in sharp contrast to the fumbling, disorder, and inefficiency of Jakarta.

The Banteng Council originated when thirty-one-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Achmad Hussein, commander of a regiment of the First Territorial Command, issued a manifesto openly defying both the central government and the army top command. This was followed shortly by a similar effort in north Sumatra, where Colonel Maludin Simbolon, chief of the First Territorial Command, maintained his headquarters at Medan. Simbolon had not laid his groundwork as carefully as Hussein, however, and he was forced to quit the area for Padang. There, from the living room of an unpretentious dwelling, he acts as adviser and coordinator for all of the Indonesian separatists.

In a recent interview with me, Colonel Simbolon explained the basic demands of the separatists. First of all, he stated, the outer islands want more political and, especially, economic autonomy.

He pointed out that last year Sumatra provided the central government with some seventy per cent of all its foreign exchange—money gleaned from the sale of oil and rub-

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ber—and received back only seven per cent. "We are the country cousins," the forty-one-year-old Christian colonel remarked, adding, "When the government, for instance, gets new railway rolling stock from the U.S., we get all the castoffs, while Javans ride around in air-conditioned coaches."

Then he went on to list other demands. The Banteng Council, like the other separatist movements, wants Hatta back in a position of responsibility, preferably as prime minister. They also want a bicameral legislature in Jakarta. Long before guided democracy was introduced, they stated flatly that they would refuse to have anything to do with such a governmental system. Furthermore, they refuse to co-operate with any government that would include Communists.

OFFICIALLY, the Banteng Council supports Sukarno, at least to the extent that his picture has not been taken down from the wall in its main conference hall. Unofficially, however, the council believes that Sukarno must go. But when pressed to name a successor as president, they hesitate, though they toss about such names as the nationally respected Sultan of Jogjakarta, Hamengku Buwono IX. Members of the Banteng Council know that Hatta will never revive the old dual leadership with Sukarno, and it is obviously Hatta whom they want to hold the real power, whoever becomes president.

"Sukarno's star has begun to set," Colonel Hussein told me. Just at that moment the telephone rang. When he had finished talking, he confided to me with a smile, "That was a telegram from Jakarta stating that the new Prime Minister Djuanda and several other ministers are coming up here to confer with us." Not long before, Indonesia's largest news service, PIA, had been suspended for a week because it had reported factually that Hussein and Simbolon had refused to come to Jakarta.

No small part of the bitterness in the Banteng Council and among the other separatist groups is the result of an abortive coup that Sukarno attempted against the separatist movement in south Sumatra, one that came very close to starting a civil war.

Lieutenant Colonel Barlian, who runs the south Sumatra group, was not as secure as the Banteng Council, largely because his command was infiltrated with officers and men from the home island of Java. Recognizing this weakness, Jakarta instigated a mutiny in Barlian's command toward the end of March, then sent eight hundred paratroopers—Amboinese mercenaries who had fought under the Dutch renegade Captain Paul (Turk) Westerling—to help the mutiny.

Indonesian Army Chief of Staff General A. H. Nasution was in Padang visiting the Banteng Council leaders at the time, and knew nothing of the attempted coup. He did learn, however, that the Banteng Council intended to send twelve hundred reinforcements to South Sumatra to help Colonel Barlian. With this valuable information he hurried to south Sumatra, ordered the paratroopers back to Jakarta, and ended the mutiny.

"Now," Colonel Hussein explained, "Barlian is convinced and is one hundred per cent on our side." Hussein added that he had warned Barlian he should weed out the Javans in his command. Instead, Barlian is recruiting a Sumatran unit to counteract the Javanese, drawing men particularly from the areas where Standard Oil and Dutch Shell have their oil fields.

"We do not want civil war any more than we want an independent state in Sumatra," Colonel Simbolon says. "But if Jakarta applies military pressure, we cannot be indifferent."

Simbolon at the moment is again working in north Sumatra, where as a native son of Tapanuli, which lies in the eastern section, he still commands strong support.

When Simbolon was asked how it happens that Army Chief of Staff Nasution is still able to visit the separatist headquarters though they defy his authority, he smiled. "Nasution also comes from Tapanuli," he said, "and besides, we are all very close friends and colleagues."

Money, Rice, Time, and Patience

The crisis that Sukarno faces, therefore, is formidable. Conceivably he could hold out against the powerful opposition that he has created, especially if he continues to operate within the framework of martial law and his emergency powers. But the odds appear to be against him. Not the least of his worries is the fact that Indonesia's economy is on the brink of collapse, largely because of revenue withheld by the separatists. As recently as May, the national treasury could muster no more than fifteen per cent of the gold and foreign exchange needed to back currency in circulation. The $100-million loan that Moscow has offered, but that so far has not been accepted by Jakarta, would hardly pay for the 750,000 tons of rice that Indonesia must import yearly. And observers in Jakarta believe that the real economic pinch will not be felt until some time in midsummer.

FACED WITH this bleak future, Sukarno could do one of several things. He could try to weld his Nationalist Party and the Communists more closely together and thereby try to establish some balance of internal power. He could try to swing Indonesia as far as possible into the international Communist orbit and hope to bolster his position through greater political and economic aid from Peking and Moscow. Or he could try some way to divert public attention from internal problems, such as beating the drums louder over the Dutch retention of West New Guinea.

But any of these stratagems would at best be temporary in nature. For this reason, most competent foreign observers in Jakarta are inclined toward the belief that the cards are stacked against Sukarno, that without Hatta he cannot run the country alone and by fiat, and that his guided democracy is only a passing phase in the nation's development.

As one influential leader here in Jakarta put it: "There are no package solutions for our problem. In a nation where illiteracy is still over sixty per cent, where our schools can produce no more than one hundred graduate engineers a year, and, yes, where we have only two Geiger counters and no batteries for them, there are only two things we can hope for—time and patience."

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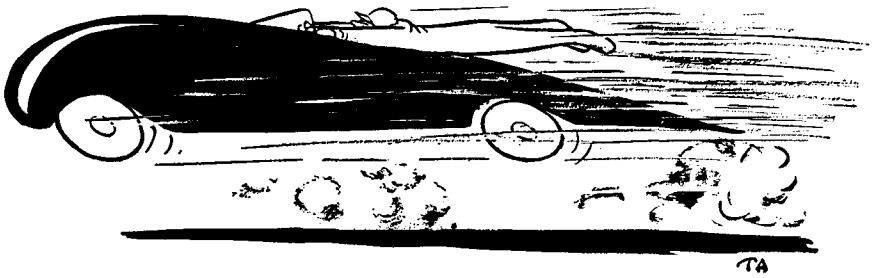

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Field Guide To the Sports Cars

TOM ARMSTRONG

OUR HARBOR cities, hosts and havens to the argosies of the world, are more exposed than inland towns to alien wares and foreign ideas. Venturesome traders shuttle the seas to bring us amphorae of myrrh, coffers of jewels, and caddies of tea from exotic quays, as well as strange tales of customs in faraway places. This accounts for our having a Phoenician alphabet, and explains why Tyre and Sidon and Westport are what they are.

Along our teeming seacoasts in the last decade a little band of motorists, enlightened by familiarity with cargoes of sports cars, have become dissenters, apostates to the gospel according to General Motors.

We all know people who would welcome a Buick to their stables, but one cannot expect to find a sports-car man among them. The aficionado cannot be enticed into such a circus float without feeling soiled. He resents the wanton use of chromium as much as he shudders at the tail fins, the grotesquely convoluted bumpers, and other "dishonest" lines. He blanches at the enormous bustle that adds weight and useless space, drags on ramps and curbstones, and complicates the process of parking even in the car's own garage. The attitude of the owner of a Detroit product is reflected in the efforts of manufacturers to "take the drive out of driving." The sports-car addict regards this stand as outrageous. His interest in a car, he is forever telling himself and other captive listeners, lies in the fun of driving it, in "sensing its alertness on the road," and in "pampering it as a thoroughbred."

A prospective buyer is urged not to spend the extra pennies per pound for a sports car unless he is just plain crazy about driving. A sports car is a high-strung instrument sufficiently endowed to obey its master's slightest indication of a whim. Sports cars are classified as "competition," "dual-purpose," and "touring." In races and rallies, competition and dual-purpose cars are graded into as many as ten classes according to the combined swept volume (displacement) of all the cylinders. In other words, according to the size of the tin cans where the gas blows up. In European cars displacement is measured in liters—a liter is a little more than a quart—or in cubic centimeters, a thousand cubic centimeters to a liter. The displacement of American cars is described, unfortunately, in cubic inches. To speak of a 2.5-liter Maserati presents a familiar picture of two quarts and a pint, but to say "a 368-cubic-inch Mercury" doesn't present a picture of anything. No wonder we don't know what goes on under the hood.

SINCE their market is limited, sports cars are not advertised in the Madison Avenue tradition of media saturation, but rely on the cars and their drivers to create demand. Many an aspiring young man who feels his importance inadequately recognized makes the interesting discovery that for the price of a Ford he can acquire the exalted status symbol of an M.G. A, which will convey him into the fellowship of princes and sybarites, the worldly-wise and successful —people like himself. Of course this society is somewhat admixed with gate crashers whose motivation is obviously insecurity, but what party isn't nowadays?

How to Tell an Owner

Distinguished by a tight little cap over an unwrinkled brow, the owner of a sports car is usually a debonair gentleman in his thirties or forties—as a rule one can't afford such a car earlier. Urbane and convivial, he is happiest thumbing through copies of *Motor Sport* (British, of course) while hobnobbing with his friends at R. Gordon's bookshop on New York's East Fifty-ninth Street, a meeting place cunningly laid out in the dimensions of an M.G. He may often be found dining at Le Chanteclair, another midtown rendezvous for sports-car buffs, making pejorative remarks about a Pontiac he knows, discussing the suspension of a D-type Jaguar ("rather more than adequate"), and referring to the late Alfonso Cabeza de Vaca, seventeenth Marqués de Portago, as "Fons." It's not often one finds such appreciation for Togetherness outside the offices of *McCall's*. When alone, he often likes to tinker with the throttle linkage and other intimate parts of his machine. Although his mount is almost always too lethal for his amateur driving skill, he is constantly seeking to increase its power-weight ratio and augment its acceleration, even if it means a new engine, or a new job.

His sports car appears to have been designed to run under a cow. It is so low the driver on a gravel road risks cutaneous abrasion if his tires lose any air. Once he has climbed into the cockpit, a fascinating process to watch, he may find it somewhat cramped. Over the hood he gets a hippo's-eye view of the road. To atone for this he can reach out and strike a match on it.

Properly installed, he becomes

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part of the machine, eager to challenge its heady dynamics, "go through the gears," and test his skill in downshifting. Like the car, he expresses the tempo and aesthetics of our time, and considers himself a concise understatement of disciplined sophistication, a sleek symbol of movement entitled to look down on people from below. No matter what his mount, he is in the orbit of the great marques (makes and types), Lancia Dilambda, Mercedes-Benz, and Bugatti; he shares the world of Juan Manuel Fangio, Sterling Moss, and the immortal Tazio Nuvolari, who have raced in such classics as the Mille Miglia, Le Mans, and latterly Sebring. American family-sedan drivers may regard him with the suspicion reserved for the faintly subversive and those out of touch with the *Saturday Evening Post*, but he rests happy in the conviction that his car was built to the exacting specifications of an engineer working without reference to the taste of middle-class housewives.

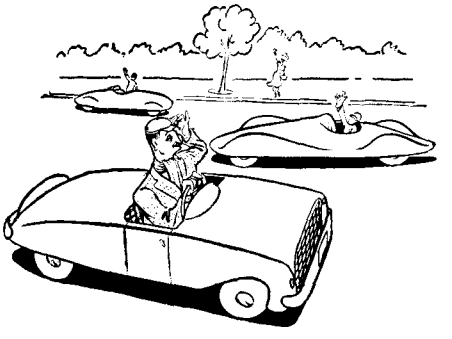
Where Germany Has Beaten Us

The national characteristics of a people are reflected in the sports cars they make. American attempts to make an acceptable sports car since the Great Depression have largely foundered on the shoals of comfort and convenience. Earlier we produced such distinguished makes as Mercer, Stutz, Duesenberg, and, as late as the middle 1930's, the front-drive Cord. The postwar Cunningham was a sports car of the purest line, but it was strictly "competition" and priced beyond the purse of those without a tax loophole. The Nash-Healey used American mechanical parts, but the chassis was English, the body of Italian design. The Ford Thunderbird is a fine car that has borrowed many sports-car features, but it is not a sports car. Only since the twelve-hour race at Sebring, Florida, this March has the Chevrolet Corvette been recognized as a true sports car, though it makes some concessions to comfort which the *cognoscenti* deplore. Priced at a little over $3,000 in standard form, it promises to bring new directions to the conservative American production line.

Mature and careful, the German driver is the best on the Continent, and German cars are among the most carefully built. Fifteen out of every hundred workmen at the Daimler-Benz factory at Stuttgart are inspectors. Their product is the great Mercedes-Benz, whose parentage dates from the smoky dawn of the automotive age.

The two rear-engine phenomena of German motors are the Porsche and the Volkswagen. Three-fourths of all Porsches are sold in America, and Volkswagen outsells any other foreign import in any country to which it is introduced. It may be used competitively in rallies, but its enormous popularity reveals a strong demand even in America for an inexpensive car, long on gas mileage, that doesn't need 125 or so square feet of parking space on Main Street, plus room for maneuvering.

Other German sports cars are the DKW, with front-wheel drive, and the BMW, which has recently foaled a Something in the form of a pumpkin on tiny wheels driven by a motorcycle engine. The two rear wheels are very close together, and the entire front of the car opens for entrance and exit. This is the BMW Isetta 300, and it can hardly be



called a sports car. It is more likely a biological sport, a deviation from the norm. Still, it is beginning to be seen on respectable streets, to the bristling astonishment of Cadillacs and Imperials.

The Racing Latins

The French they are a racy race, but they produce remarkably few sports cars. Simca, backed by Ford, is popular in California. The Renault Dauphine, which is beginning to sell well in this country, is more properly a passenger car. Talbot produces only about a hundred cars a year, and Bugatti, whose prewar achievements gave it a towering reputation in sports-car circles, makes hardly any at all.

French drivers are abandoned and volatile, with little respect for rules or red lights. When Paris outlawed honking in the interest of national sanity in 1954, drivers were outraged. Now that gasoline has gone up to ninety cents a continental gallon, the government has fallen.

Even more so than the French Italians are wild and dangerous drivers. Ordinary Italian drivers—those who survive—handle their little cars nimbly, but are the most immature showoffs, the most reckless and happy-go-lucky motorists still on earth. Not only the cars but likewise the pedestrians and the myriads of scooters dodging about like mosquitoes in a hailstorm all assume that the middle of the road is theirs.

In Italy comparatively few people own cars, but everyone is fascinated by them. The Mille Miglia, a thousand-mile circuit from Brescia to Rome and back, is run in places at 170 miles an hour down roads lined with millions of screaming addicts, all expecting to see something happen. They are more frequently killed than disappointed. The recent slaughter involving the Marqués de Portago, his co-driver, and fifteen spectators put an end to Italian road racing for a while. But don't be surprised to see the Mille Miglia run again next year. In the twenty-four-hour race at Le Mans, France, in 1955 an errant Mercedes killed eighty-three people, and the race was canceled for the following year. But the track was improved and certain requirements were made to separate Le Mans from le boys, and the race was held on schedule in 1956, and will probably attract more people than ever this month. Maybe it's the wine.

Italian cars are built for show, for speed, and for lightning handling. They are the most beautiful cars made in the aerodynamic tradition. The great coachwork on the Maserati, the Alfa Romeo, the Lancia, Ferrari, Osca, and Siata is built by craftsmen like Pinin Farina, Alfredo Vignale, Felice Boano, Viotti, Zagato, Alemano, Ghia, Bertone, Scaglietti, and Abarth, who are

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the Leonardos and Michelangelos of a special and limited Renaissance in northern Italy. The sale of such marques as the Ferrari and Maserati depends directly on their winning races, and they win a great many. On the whole, however, Italian cars do not hold up as well as English or German sports cars of the same class.

The Ambassadorial Jaguar

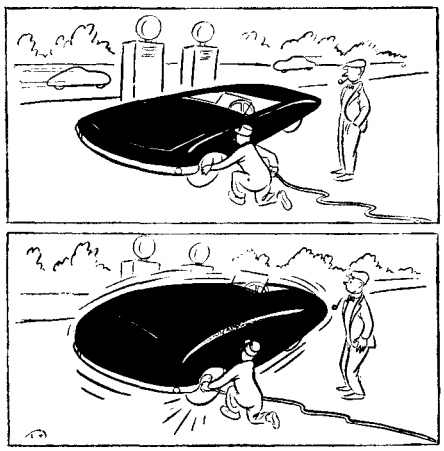
The English, even when not oppressed by sustained periods of austerity, are accustomed to dreary weather, cold houses, unpalatable food, narrow and shoulderless roads, and slow, congested traffic. It is their national pride to counter these irritants not by correcting them wherever possible but by building in each English breast a capacity to endure them. The British driver, patient and polite, constantly meets temptations and frustrations that would corrupt a saint of any other nationality. In Bucking the Odds, Playing the Game, and Muddling Through, an Englishman follows the constant stars of Hardiness, Fortitude, and Pluck.

The British sports car demands these qualities in its driver. Although some of the newer marques have made compromises to attract the decadent American market, the open competitive models provide such a "feel of the road" and a taste of the weather that after a long drive on a country road in a blizzard, such as one undertakes in various rallies, the exhilarated driver may best be extricated by a block and tackle.

The leading British exports in the field of sports cars are the M.G. (for Morris Garages), the Jaguar, and the Austin-Healey. The M.G. TC of the late 1940's is credited with making postwar America conscious of the sports-car world by virtue of its famous "classic" lines as well as its easy handling qualities. A "classic" car is one articulated like a cricket. Headlamps, fenders, bumpers, radiator, and often horns and exhaust manifolds express their functional integrity, distinct from other parts; yet each unit contributes to the over-all character of the car, a wiry, masculine machine. In contrast, the aerodynamic car has the lines of a "classic" model that has been left out all night in a snowstorm. Every effort has been made to make the aerodynamic body appear to be molded from one piece of material.

The most recent M.G., the A, very much resembles its sibling, the Austin-Healey—both are now made by the British Motors Corporation—although it sells for some $800 less.

We can gauge the Jaguar's importance in the British economy by the aftermath of the fire which



on February 12 destroyed the final-assembly section of the Jaguar plant in Coventry. Although the output of cars is tiny by Detroit standards, three out of four Jaguars are exported and bring in more dollars than any other English automobile. The loss provoked a small national crisis, which must have overstuffed the Prime Minister's portfolio of national crises and slowed the upgrading of the pound sterling.

The American owner of a Jaguar not only bolsters England's economy but is blithely conscious of paying homage to the British way of life. He becomes a mobile part of what is forever England. As such, no matter what his previous national prejudices, he is likely to side with Macmillan in controversies regarding the Middle East, and is more conversant than usual with doings at Whitehall and Mayfair. In addition, he takes pride in moving about the world in no more comfort than Drake or Raleigh or even Sir Launcelot enjoyed. As in most competition and dual-purpose cars, he sits with his legs straight out in front of him, as though he were sliding down a chute. This attitude is not uncomfortable for the first fifteen minutes, but soon, just as he becomes acutely aware that he cannot possibly shift his position, his knees begin to lock and he must ride out the rest of his journey fascinated by the progressive calcification of his joints. He has compensation for this torture in the lightning response of his engine, brakes, and steering mechanism, and the knowledge that he is master of a solid product of British craftsmanship.

In the best sports-car tradition, the Jaguar XK-140 is a dual-purpose car, and one of its unwritten requirements for its proper ownership is that the driver and his wife have both sensible dimensions and irrational enthusiasm. Not more than two children, small, quiet, and hardy, are indicated.

The completely "competition" member of the clan is the D-Jaguar. It looks like hot cheese poured over a roller skate. No children.

BRITAIN produces several other marques designed to distinguish themselves from the iron-and-chrome ruck. Some six thousand Americans own Austin-Healeys, and the Triumph, which has been in production less than four years as a sports car, is widely distributed. The A.C., the Aston Martin DB2-4, the Arnolt-Bristol, and the Morgan are admired imports. Morgan, founded in 1910, built a three-wheeled sports car till 1951, supplementing it with a four-wheeler in the mid-1930's. The modestly priced and powered current model, the Morgan Plus Four, retains the rakish lines of vintage sports cars. Among strictly competition models are the Allard, fitted with American or Jaguar engines, and the hand-built Frazer-Nash.

For the price of a house one can get a Bentley, which carries many sports-car refinements, and at the additional cost of a powder room one may have a Rolls-Royce, venerated for half a century as "the best car in the world." This phrase is always intoned, hat in hand, as though it were a verse in the Book of Common Prayer, and no one would think of challenging it for fear of starting a third world war. There is something awesome and creepy about it. An everyday Ford owner is left with the distinct impression that the Rolls-Royce is indeed created by Hand, but that the Hand is not mortal.

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Little Theaters Become Big Business

GERALD WEALES

"I WILL talk to you. I really will talk to you." The speaker was Irwin Stahl, one of the landlords of the Theatre Marquee, a new off-Broadway playhouse fashioned out of a walk-up apartment-studio on Fifty-ninth Street near Lexington Avenue. The time was a day or two before the opening of the new theater's first tenant, a trilogy of Greek plays that has since come and gone.

The emphasis and the implied doubt of Stahl's repeated protestation arose from the fact that he was bustlingly preoccupied with laying strips of carpeting in the lobby of what he hoped would look like the "New Luxurious Off-Broadway Theatre" that advertisements in the *Times* had been hailing for days. He darted from his carpet to me, giving it consoling tugs and me tidbits of information—for instance, that the place was redolent with tradition. Either Isadora Duncan or Ruth St. Denis had had her home and salon there, but he was never certain which. In either case, the tradition was there. "We want to do classical theater and European," he said, looking up for a second from his rug. "Of course, a brilliant American." Another tug at the carpet. "No realism." There was realism of a sort, as it turned out, for the new management, like so many off-Broadway theater owners these days, was simply renting the space to the Greek venture. I left the nervous landlord deciding to take up the carpet strips and put them down the other way around.

Down in the Village

The Theatre Marquee is an example of the mushrooming growth of off-Broadway activity that has been in evidence for the last five years. It is not typical, however. A movement that is so scattered, so ingenious in seeking out empty halls, abandoned night clubs, forgotten auditoriums, and unrented stores and converting them into little theaters, cannot be typified by a single case. Although for the most part the off-Broadway theaters are bunched into two clusters—one in Greenwich Village, the other off lower Second Avenue—new ventures are likely to spring into life in any part of Manhattan.

The heart of the Village group is the Circle in the Square, a revamped night club that has been playing Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* to full houses for more than a year. The seats which line three sides of the stage—once the dance floor—are uncomfortable and too close together and the visibility in the inexpensive ones is poor, but the quality of the performances is such that the customers keep coming. The theater, as its name implies, is right at Sheridan Square and its presence has been felt there. A drugstore across the street that caters to the Circle's audiences during intermissions has built a tremendous stock of the more intellectual of the paperback books

which it bills enthusiastically if inaccurately (see Brentano's) as "The most ambitious collection anywhere."

The other star of the Village theaters is the Theatre de Lys on Christopher Street, where Brecht and Weill's *The Threepenny Opera* is well into its third year. The de Lys is the happy residue of a noble experiment that foundered a few years ago. A young impresario came out of the West—William de Lys of Denver—and organized a group of small investors to convert the old Hudson movie theater into a suitable home for a projected repertory group. The project collapsed after the first few productions, but the pleasant little theater passed into other hands and has been busy ever since.

Among the many other theaters in the neighborhood are three that have been active for years. The renowned Provincetown Playhouse has sat quietly and relatively unchanged for years, while most of the stores along Macdougal have become fashionable coffeehouses and the New York University Law School has taken over across the street. The Cherry Lane, at the center of the arc of Commerce Street that runs from the Edna St. Vincent Millay house to the Blue Mill Tavern, which within living memory was known for its dollar steaks, underwent a face lifting recently. Before the successful production of Sean O'Casey's *The Purple Dust* moved in, the floor was canted to improve visibility (in all except the last few rows) and the theater acquired a smart yellow curtain and a bright exterior. In its new prosperity it is offering limousine service to its patrons—to and from the nearest subway stop. The Greenwich Mews is still busy in the basement of the Village Presbyterian Church and the Brotherhood Synagogue (the same building; different hours) on West Thirteenth Street.

Of the recently opened theaters in the Village, the most impressive is the Renata on Bleecker Street, a lush playhouse in the building that was Old Mori's Restaurant in the 1920's and has been a Moose Hall in recent years. The handsome bar in the lounge and the huge unused icebox near the dressing rooms in the basement testify to the Renata's ancestry.

THE PHOENIX THEATRE at Second Avenue and Twelfth Street is not legally off Broadway, since Actors Equity demands uptown contracts of any theater that seats more than three hundred people. It is, however, responsible for the upsurge of English-language playhouses in the old Yiddish-theater

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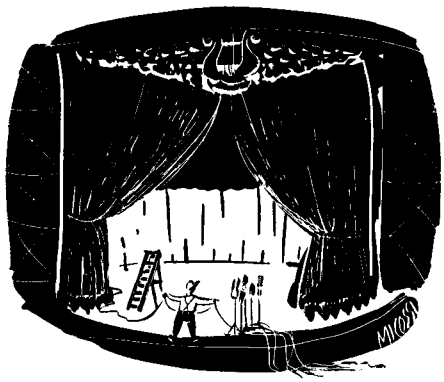
neighborhood. The classical revivals and the unusual modern plays that the Phoenix offered during the last four seasons drew audiences and reviewers into that part of town. Other theaters followed. There are three on Fourth Street alone. The best known of these is David Ross's Fourth Street Theatre, a shoebox of a hall with a tiny stage at the arch of the foot and clusters of seats at the ball and the heel. Although it had at least one impressive season of Chekhov revivals, it is temporarily closed from lack of audience. The Downtown, nestled between Ross's theater and the offices of the *Ukrainian Daily News,* is currently drawing audiences to Shaw's *In Good King Charles's Golden Days.*

Aside from the two Yiddish theaters (only one of which operates very regularly), the only important playhouses in the neighborhood are Julie Bovasso's Tempo Theatre, which stands next to the St. Mark's Russian and Turkish Baths and the Valencia Hotel ("A Home Away from Home") on St. Mark's Place, and the Rooftop Theatre on Houston Street, where one of the best off-Broadway offerings of the season, a production of Stefan Zweig's adaptation of Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* was given. The Rooftop is at the top of the National Palace ("Rooms to rent by day, week, month or year"), where its only permanent neighbor seems to be the Beigel Bakers Union Local 338. Evenings, however, the rooms are rented out for meetings (the Matzoh Bakers Union and the Odessa Young Men, for instance, on the night that I was there), and the playgoers have to vie with the meeting goers for space on the elevator.

East Side, West Side

The uptown off-Broadway theaters are more scattered. A small group—the Carnegie Hall Playhouse, the Carl Fischer Concert Hall, the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—hover just north of an imaginary line below which off-Broadway productions cannot descend without invading the Broadway district and becoming subject to standard Equity contracts. Fred A. Cotton, who handles off-Broadway productions for Equity, told me that anything north of Fifty-seventh Street was safely off Broadway. The rule, which was designed to keep the Broadway theaters from having to face cheaper competition on their home ground, is apparently not an unbreakable one. An off-Broadway production of Leslie and Sewell Stokes's *Oscar Wilde,* for instance, recently opened and closed at the 41st Street Theatre in the basement of the Wurlitzer Building.

On the Upper East Side there are theaters as different as the Jan Hus House, in the community house of the Jan Hus Presbyterian Church on Seventy-fourth Street, which has been operating for years and has done very well this season with a revival of Louis Peterson's *Take a Giant Step,* and the spanking new Theatre East on Sixtieth Street. This last is also officially an art gallery, not an unusual departure among off-Broadway houses. There were art exhibitions accompanying *Volpone* at the Rooftop and Charles Morgan's *The River Line* at the Carnegie Hall, and usually there are pictures or photographs on display on the walls of the long, winding stairwell that leads down to the Actor's Playhouse, another former night club, on Seventh Avenue just south of Sheridan Square.



THIS CATALOGUE of off-Broadway houses does not pretend to be complete. There are innumerable flash-in-the-pan ventures, like the reconverted banqueting hall in the Greystone Hotel at Broadway and Ninety-first that operated as a playhouse for two or three weeks in March. Whether solid or evanescent, all these theaters are part of a resurgence of off-Broadway drama that really began with the successful revival of Tennessee Williams's *Summer and Smoke* at the Circle in the Square in 1952. Before that, there was no continuity to off-Broadway growth. There were occasional eruptions of artistic or financial success—the New Stages group, for example, which operated out of the Bleecker Street Theatre, where the Amato Opera Company now sings its head off, and which sent Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Respectful Prostitute* uptown for a Broadway run. Such flurries were self-contained, however; they did not generate widespread activity. Since 1952, off-Broadway has grown steadily into a big if risky business and has begun to take on many of the mannerisms of its artistically rejected midtown parent.

Equity and Atkinson

The relationship of actors to off-Broadway productions is an example of the new attitude. Formerly, hopeful young people, often with a minimum of experience and talent, filled the casts in the little theaters, and sometimes they paid for the privilege of acting. Now most of the off-Broadway companies—the only ones that really count, in fact—are Equity companies.

The Equity designation has become an economic necessity, because the New York *Times,* whose critic Brooks Atkinson was one of the earliest and most earnest supporters of off-Broadway, will not send a reviewer to non-Equity productions. The other newspapers seem to be following the *Times's* lead. Without newspaper reviews, most producers say, an off-Broadway production has no chance of success. The necessary Equity label does not demand a full Equity cast; the number of union players required depends upon the potential weekly box-office gross. Some shoestring producers have gone to great lengths to hold onto the necessary three union players in breadbox-size theaters just to get that *Times* review, but more and more producers are using all-Equity casts and doing so cheerfully.

Under these conditions, a new prestige is attached to off-Broadway acting. Pre-1952 productions helped make the name of such performers as Meg Mundy and Jack Palance, but the game of spotting new off-Broadway stars began in earnest with Geraldine Page in the Circle's *Sum-*

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mer and Smoke. An increasing number of talented young actors and actresses—Jason Robards, Jr., Fritz Weaver, Nancy Wickwire, Frederic Warriner, Earle Hyman—made their names off Broadway, and most of them have continued to shift easily from Broadway back to their old stand, depending on the roles that were available. Many established

performers—Franchot Tone, Betty Field, Beatrice Straight, Margaret Phillips—have gone off Broadway to act, and Tone, at least, received praise for his performance in *Uncle Vanya* such as he had not seen in years of innocuous Broadway and Hollywood productions.

Supposedly, off-Broadway producers spend considerable time these days avoiding uptown actors who want to come downtown to work, hoping to pump up sagging reputations. The "Who's Who in the Cast" at the back of any *Playbill* for the Broadway theaters now finds the actors listing with pride their off-Broadway endeavors and occasionally not listing less happy uptown ones. Awards and prizes have also invaded off-Broadway. The Drama Desk, whose members are theater-news reporters for the metropolitan papers, gives the Vernon Rice Memorial Awards for distinguished off-Broadway work, named in honor of the late drama editor of the New York *Post* for his encouragement of off-Broadway. The *Village Voice* ("a weekly newspaper designed to be read"), which is to the *Times* what off-Broadway is to Broadway, last year initiated the Obies, the off-Broadway equivalent of the Tonies and Oscars.

THE PRODUCERS also seem aware of a new status, and they have formed an Off-Broadway Producers' Association. This group, which is headed by John Grahame of the Provincetown Playhouse, has as yet done little more than hold monthly meetings. Their one concrete act was the opening of the Midtown Ticket Office, which operates out of the Hotel Remington on West Forty-sixth Street, where tickets to the scattered off-Broadway productions are available, or ought to be (the operation is not yet working smoothly). The Association and the ticket office are crippled by the fact that the most successful producers have no need for them. The Circle in the Square, for instance, does not belong to the Association, and the Cherry Lane and the de Lys dispense tickets through the usual Broadway brokers. As with the actors and some of the directors (notably José Quintero), the most successful producers are playing both ends of the island. Leigh Connell, Theodore Mann, and Quintero are not only running Circle in the Square; they are also offering O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* at the Helen Hayes. Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, the producers of *The Threepenny Opera*, have initiated the Bijou Theatre Series, which presented the world premiere of Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed*, and recently a new production of O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*.

The Price of Threepenny Operas

All this activity should not imply that off-Broadway is a haven for the man who is looking for the heady mixture of financial and aesthetic success. When I talked to Fred Cotton in the middle of March, he told me that forty-seven Equity shows had been put into rehearsal off Broadway since the beginning of September. They have continued to open since then at the rate of two or three a week. How many are left? Hits like *The Iceman Cometh* and *The Threepenny Opera* are rarities off Broadway. Even when a play does well, its running expenses and its initial investment are likely to be so high that months pass before it shows a profit.

Paul Shyre, one of the producers of and one of the actors in *The Purple Dust*, told me in March that the play had just paid off its investment, and it had been running to full houses for three months. It was admittedly an expensive show, budgeted at around $12,000, but that is no longer unusual off Broadway. The short-lived production of James Joyce's *Exiles* at the Renata, according to Ruth Newton, the assistant to the producers, was budgeted at $13,000, an incredible amount for such a small-cast play, but it apparently got in for less.

The general estimate is that the ordinary off-Broadway play should take between three and five thousand dollars to mount and should count on about fifteen hundred a week as operating expenses, although this last figure depends on the size of the theater and the play's cast. Betty King of the 128-seat Theatre East said that she and her partner do not like to rent to producers who have less than $5,000 ready money and that they don't consider any show that could not break even on a weekly gross of $1,500. Hollis Alpert and William Murray did produce two Shaw plays for a week's run at the Tempo this year for $1,500, but, as Alpert admits, they cut to the bone. They would have needed at least $3,000, he says, if they had been trying for an extended run.

The day of the pickup producer with enthusiasm and less than a thousand dollars is over. There are too many calls on his money. Although the Equity players work reasonably (forty to seventy dollars a week, depending on the box-office gross), their salaries are a marked advance over the days when actors worked free or paid their way onto the stage. Equity companies must now have a union stage manager and most of them have to have a union press agent. Other unions—the box-office treasurers, for instance—sometimes find their way into off-Broadway activities. All this means fixed salaries and an inevitable weekly expense. No off-Broadway production can hope for success these days, most producers say, without advertising, and the minimal advertising practices—the placards in the windows of the Eighth Street bookshops and the Village coffeehouses—are now outdated. Daily ads in the *Times*, large ones on Sundays and occasional ads in the other papers, particularly the *Post*, are now considered necessary.

The main expense, however, is

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the theater itself. Often these days, the producer and the theater landlord are not the same person. The Broadway pattern has descended to off-Broadway as a number of people have realized that it is more profitable to rent a house than to try to mount and run a show of one's own. Theater lessees who have plans for productions of their own or who have produced plays in the past have learned that they can recoup losses or build bank accounts by renting out their playhouses.

Considering the size of the budgets and the size of the theaters, it is necessary to the health of any production that it draw nearly full houses. Since all the off-Broadway theaters have less than three hundred seats and most of them less than two hundred, the possible take is not great. Most of them have to average more than half the house every performance before they can pay their way. Theodore Mann at the Circle told me that they must have three-fourths of their 190 seats regularly filled to break even. For the Circle that is not difficult at the moment, but it is indicative of the problem faced by managements with no *Iceman*. It is extremely difficult to draw off-Broadway crowds on weekdays (except for the talked-about hits), and all the producer can hope for is that he will have full houses on the weekends to balance his books. A certain amount of play-crawling—going from theater to theater in search of a seat—is possible in the areas where the theaters bunch together, but the scattered off-Broadway operations isolate some theaters from the casual trade. Most people plan to go to off-Broadway houses, as they plan to take in a Broadway show, and their plans seldom involve weekday excursions to underadvertised, underreviewed, underpraised offerings.

Even critical praise and a reputation for past good shows is often no help. After a highly successful *Uncle Vanya*, the Fourth Street Theatre turned up an unfortunate *The Sea Gull* and a production of Strindberg's *Easter*, which failed despite a beautiful performance by Phyllis Love. David Ross, whose publicity puffs make him sound like an old-time impresario, has temporarily closed his theater and begun to give acting classes. After she had created a stir with Jean Genêt's *The Maids*, Julie Bovasso turned to bad Cocteau (*The Typewriter*) and Ionescu (*Amédée*) at the Tempo and has since been reduced to renting her theater. The Shakespearwrights, who had a fine critical reception last season, were unable to make a go of their new theater in the basement of St. Ignatius Episcopal Church at West End Avenue and Eighty-seventh Street; they are now sponsoring the American Savoyards.

Old Shows and New

The "hit" psychology that is rife off Broadway, as on, and the tough fight for financial success have marked the movement in both good and bad ways. On the good side is the general technical improvement—particularly in acting and directing—that is so evident. On the bad side is dwindling experimentation. It is a pleasure, of course, to be able to see unfamiliar plays by the best classical and modern playwrights. Still, the off-Broadway producers are less intent on exhibiting the masters than they are on pinning down a sure thing.

Shaw is usually a good bet. The Irish—O'Casey and Synge—are very acceptable this year, especially since they are admired by a number of the drama reviewers who will probably reward productions of Irish plays with good notices. Besides these three, this year's off-Broadway playwrights have included O'Neill, Christopher Fry, Tennessee Williams, Jean Giradoux, William Inge, Gilbert and Sullivan, Clifford Odets, and Charles Morgan. In some cases the plays are unproduced ones, but as often as not they are revivals of works that have already been done on Broadway; in either case, the playwrights can hardly be considered strangers to uptown production.

There have been a sizable number of new plays by new American playwrights, but judging from the reviews, they have been solidly in the Broadway traditions—realistic dramas, message plays, "sophisticated" comedies, historical offerings. They often seem designed simply as show pieces, in which the production is considered not as an end in itself but as a step to something else. John Duff Stradley's *Wayside*, which closed recently after twelve performances at the Barbizon-Plaza, is an example; it may not have drawn audiences, but it did draw Columbia Pictures, which bought it for $35,000 and hired Mr. Stradley for another $12,500 to write the screenplay.

Although it might be comforting

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to imagine that off-Broadway activities could continue to grow and that the number of productions could multiply endlessly, there is already evidence of saturation. While new audiences are certainly being drawn into the off-Broadway theaters, lured there by the animated talk of new and exciting productions, the theaters are beginning to force much of their old audience away by the growing steepness of their prices. Where once one could see any off-Broadway show for a dollar or a dollar and a half and sit anywhere in the house at that price, a one-eighty or two-dollar minimum is no longer unusual. The Saturday top for *The Threepenny Opera* is now $4.85; for *The Iceman Cometh*, $4.50; for *The Purple Dust*, $3.85. Although a playgoer might be willing to pay such prices for these three plays, he is likely to think twice before risking three dollars on an uncomfortable theater to see a play that has not been given the Atkinson seal of approval. Where once he might have risked a doubtful play, he is now likely to be drawn to a cheaper and more luxurious neighborhood movie.

In any event, if the audiences continue to pay the new prices, they are going to be less likely to allow the theaters to coast on quaintness; they are going to demand the kind of comfort that is evident in the new theaters like the Renata, and the costs are going to rise and undoubtedly the prices of tickets will go even higher. The Broadway cliché that there is no such thing as a moderately successful play is now and increasingly will become an off-Broadway bromide as well.

Most off-Broadway observers look at the proliferating theatrical activity with the same suspicion that John Kenneth Galbraith watches the rising cost of living. They suspect that the balloon will have to burst one day. When and if it does, the old experimental quality may come back into off-Broadway activity, but, one hopes, not the old amateurishness. In the meantime, however, the discriminating playgoer can find good, well-acted plays, some of them in pleasant theaters, and can leave the others to their unhappy backers.

'Where Did She Not Pry, This Great Bee?'

HORTENSE CALISHER

CLOSE TO COLETTE—AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS, **by Maurice Goudeket.** *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.00.*

When Sidonie Gabrielle Claudine Colette Gauthier-Villars de Jouvenel, known to all the world as Colette, died in 1954 at the age of eighty-one at the end of a life extraordinarily inseparable from her work, she had long since received from her own country that national esteem with which France rewards its writers. True, although she was the first woman member of the Aca-

démie Goncourt, she had never been a member of the Académie Française. So much the worse for them, rather than for her, to whom even the chary Gide had forced himself to write: "I myself am completely astonished that I should be writing to you, astonished at the great pleasure I have had in reading you," and to whom the more generous Proust had already written, in 1919, "Your style and your color are so full of perpetual finds that if one noted everything one could write you a letter as long as your book."

In her long progression she was to have a life as multiple as one of the cat race she loved—Burgundian schoolgirl, provincial child-wife in Paris, hack writer, music-hall performer and dancer in the nude, actress as one of her own characters, theater critic, seller of beauty products, housewife as perfectionist in domestic lore as she was over a sentence, and writer—perhaps the first great French woman writer to come from the middle class.

That life was always to be of a piece with her work, from the time when her first husband, "the atrocious Willy," as Harold Nicolson and almost everybody else has called him, rediscovered the notebooks in which she had set down her schoolgirl memories of the village of Saint-Sauveur-en-Puisaye, and locked her in her room with instructions to hot them up a bit for publication—until that time when the sight of her, eighty, arthritic, and in a wheel chair, caused the people in the hotel salon at Monte Carlo to rise spontaneously and bow, drawing from her the astonished remark "Oh, d'ya see, Maurice? They remember me from last year." In the end, says Maurice Goudeket, her husband and, as she always emphasized, her *meilleur ami* for thirty years, "She would have had the Nobel Prize if she had been able to wait for it." Instead of that she has this book, an exquisitely happy and grave revelation of a woman, a marriage, a life, and a writer—all unique.

When their relationship began in 1925, Colette, at fifty-two, already had more than twenty books behind her, spanning between the turn-of-the-century notoriety she had received from the *Claudine* books and the more dignified *réclame* she had begun to receive after *Chéri* in 1920. In this country her real reputation began with Janet Flanner's translation of *Chéri* in 1929. It continued in a trickle of translations until after the war, when it received enormous, somewhat diffuse impetus from the personality cult of the fashion magazines, and later from the dramatizations of *Gigi*, whose star, an unknown named Audrey Hepburn, had been chosen by the sharp eye of the author herself, then seventy-eight.

Of the *Oeuvres Complètes*, published by Flammarion in 1950, only a small portion of the fifteen vol-

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umes, comprising more than fifty titles, are available here in English, although more are promised. And here, too, she has never been given the critical attention awarded either her contemporaries or the younger generation of French writers. Her world, no more feminine than Virginia Woolf's, was less bluestocking, her style too sure to be classed as experimental. And her supposed sensationalism, garbed as it was in the décor of the demimonde, seemed to many too frivolous for dignified consideration. One might say of her that her art was almost too accessible for criticism, at least for some American critics.

Sido's Garden

Actually she was her own best commentator, continuously reassessing her life and work, stalking its persistent themes from another angle. She said of her mother, Sido: "She has made herself better known to me as I have grown older," and she herself remained a countrywoman for all her years in Paris, still speaking in the "bronze" voice, with its Burgundian "r," that all who met her remarked. Goudeket describes her revisiting Saint-Sauveur in memory, with her brother Léo. "That garden of Sido's to which Colette returned little by little, Léo had never left. He knew the faintest of its scents and still heard the creaking of its gates. . . . Without any introduction . . . he would begin to talk of 'down there.' Colette would enter into the game and it was wonderful to hear them competing by memory, first one and then the other . . . walking about in their childhood with steps that never hesitated." After reading Goudeket's account, one understands better Colette's extraordinary gift for the particularities of sensuous detail—a gift that was based in nature perhaps, but was to be equally sharp when turned on the tailor-made world.

"Her way of making contacts with things was through all her senses. . . . When she went into a garden she did not know, I would say to her: 'I suppose you are going to eat it, as usual' . . . she separated the petals of flowers, examined them, smelled them for a long time, crumpled the leaves, chewed them, licked the poisonous berries and the deadly mushrooms, pondering intensely over everything she had smelt and tasted. Insects received almost the same treatment. . . . She absolutely had to know the name of anything she was contemplating . . . not so much to store it in her memory but

because the name completed the identity of the thing in question . . . she has sometimes been reproached for using difficult words, especially for flowers, plants and sea-creatures. The point is that for her they were not difficult words. . . . But above all she used the exact names of objects in daily use. . . . She knew a recipe for everything . . . furniture polish, vinegar, orangewine, quince-water, for cooking truffles or preserving linen . . . this country wisdom impregnates all her work. . . . Looked at in one light it would not have displeased her if one talked of recipes for writing."

THIS HOUSEHOLD IMAGERY is to appear everywhere in her work, bringing a curious solidity to her demimondaine worlds, and used in contexts light or powerful, from the casual, conversational aside when she could call Bach "a sublime sewing machine" down to the details of Léa's ménage in *Chéri*, where, in the language of cuisine and nursery comfort, the relationship is described without a psychological word, and no symbol of anguish is more apt than Léa's turning out her cupboards after Chéri is gone.

Dr. Johnson's Dog

Which brings us, brooding on the particular, to the question that often rears its silly suffragette head in critiques on women writers, and not infrequently in the hearts of the women themselves: Are female writers more limited in their world than male? Should they ignore all the special data they have as women or use it, try to be men or stand upon what they are—and in so doing any one of these things do they consign themselves to narrower than male limits and to less chance of greatness?

The answer, I think, comes better from Colette than from any other woman writer I know, and is to me a token of her stature. She is no more essentially feminine as a writer than any man is essentially masculine as a writer—certain notable attempts at the latter notwithstanding. She uses the psychological and concrete dossiers in her possession as a woman, not only without embarrassment but with the most natural sense of its value, and without any confusion as to whether the sexual balance of her sensitivity need affect the virility of her expression when she wants virility there.

Reading her, one is reminded that art—whether managed as a small report on a wide canvas, or vice versa—is a narrow thing in more senses than one, and that the woman writer, like any other, does best to accept her part in the human condition, and go on from there.

'There Is Only One Creature'

But let us return to Goudeket, who, while modestly disclaiming critical authority, scatters understanding everywhere in this quiet, graceful book. "It is not enough to say that she loved animals. Before every manifestation of life, animal or vegetable, she felt a respect which resembled religious fervor. At the same time she was always aware of the unity of creation in the infinite diversity of its forms. One evening she gave me a striking example of this. We were at the cinema, watching one of those shorts which show germinations accomplished in a moment, unfolding of petals which look like a struggle, a dramatic dehiscence. Colette was beside herself. Gripping my arm, her voice hoarse and her lips trembling, she kept on saying with the intensity of a pythoness: 'There is only one creature! D'you hear, Maurice, there is only *one* creature.'"

It is no wonder that she was able to treat every variation, singular or regular, of the sexual or half-sexual

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relationship, with never the slightest false touch of lubricity, for, seeing every creature as an aspect of one, she could never really regard the sexes as antithetical.

AND THIS in turn was only part of a larger attitude that never made too much of the distinction between the animate and the inanimate, that was at any moment, witty or profound, likely to describe one in terms of the other, to say, on one page of *La Seconde*, "The place breathed the melancholy of waterless land," and on another, describing the actors seeking parts in Farou's new production—"duennas like thunder; a very pretty young man who went away swollen with tears, like a rose after rain."

It is an attitude that accounts for much; it is for instance one reason why she translates well, for whatever nuance or idiosyncrasy may be lost, there is almost always some basic image, native to us creatures, that does not escape. It accounts in part, also, for that earlier mentioned "accessibility" which perhaps so depresses the interest of the modern critics, particularly those more interested in displaying themselves. There is nothing much to emend in Colette. She treats of the basic mysteries, but with the utmost care not to add any mystification of her own, like a midwife too busy getting the baby born to stop for the philosophical "Why?" It is hard lines explicating a writer who by instinct anticipates you in getting things clear.

As for her "daring," it is there, but is not of a sort to compel, for instance, those who love to brood on the eunuchoid element in James or to extrapolate a national homosexual dream from Huck Finn. It is the daring of an eye that looks on the world with the directness of total health—an eye somewhat chilling at times, possibly because, like those of the genus Bufo or Rano on whom she often drew for imagery, it occupies so very much of the head. One finds here perhaps the reason for the accusation that she did not create individual character, that she saw people to be as inchoate as those other fauna or flora through whom life blooms, droops, and is cut down, and that she never moved from her microcosm either to the metaphysical or to the "world at large." Certainly it would be just to say that she never seemed to have much time to consider things as they might be, so busy was she with the morality of things as they were. One might best accuse her, as Aglaia did Myshkin, of a judgment that suffered from seeing nothing but the truth.

Her Gaiety, Her Austerity

Colette read extensively, "botany, natural history, life in the ocean depths, birds and butterflies. . . . And, travel, ah! travels. The sixty-eight volumes of the *Tour du Monde*. . . . Livingston, Stanley, Huc, Landon, Arago, Comte de Beauvoir, Schweinfurth, Madame Ida Pfeifer." She refused to do a literary column "in order not to spoil her pleasure as a reader. . . No interviewer could succeed in making her judge her contemporaries." Nevertheless, how brilliantly she could characterize! "The

appointment of Jean Giraudoux as Minister of Information puzzled her. 'Curious . . . there's a writer who most of the time proceeds by negation, defining things and people by what they are not: "He was neither this . . . nor that . . . nor the other"—and he's the man they choose to inform us!' " And the famous description of Proust: "He never stopped speaking with effort, and being gay. He kept his hat on his head—because of the cold, he excused himself—his top hat, tilted backward, and his hair spread out in a fanlike shape over his eyebrows. In fact, an everyday gala costume, but disarranged as though by a raging wind, which, throwing his hat to the back of his head, crumpling his shirt and the untidy ends of his cravat, filling the furrows of his cheeks, the orbits of his eyes and his breathless mouth with a black ash, seemed to pursue this tottering young man of fifty right unto his death."

In this book, the distillation of thirty years, there is more than one can begin to touch upon, and all presented with humility, subtle intelligence, and love. Her gaiety: On emerging from Roxy's and a Mae West picture in New York, they meet an alley cat. "At last," cries Colette, "someone who speaks French." M. Goudeket on their marriage: "A man does not love a woman for her genius; he loves her in spite of her genius . . . this essay could hardly be written as an ordinary biography. Nothing would happen in it. Happiness has no adventures . . . chance would have it that neither of us liked . . . those groundless scenes which are daily bread in many households. But every moment we lived together was a moment of fullness and joy." Her reply, when friends hear laughter coming from their sitting room and inquire of the joke: "Nothing at all! It was just that he was with me and I was with him."

And her austerity: "One must be careful not to fall in the direction in which one naturally leans." Her refusal of sedation for the pain of the last years: "I want to know just how far I can go." And her answer, to another French writer who suggested that Maurice, then held by the Gestapo, save himself by turning informer, death being the only alternative: " 'Very well, then, I choose death.' . . . 'Not without consulting your husband, I imagine?' . . . *'We* choose death,' amended Colette."

THIS IS an enchanting memoir, more than a memoir. The translation, left uncredited by the publisher, is excellent. Finishing the book, one remembers what Colette said of George Sand in her own memoir, *L'Etoile Vesper*: "Powerfully she arranged, all in a muddle, her work, her curable sorrows and her limited felicities. I would never have known how to do so much, and when she was thinking of the full barn, I was lingering to look at the green flowers of the wheat. Mauriac, in his heartfelt praise, consoles me: 'Where did she not pry, this great bee?' " There is a likeness, if one excises the word "muddle," and remembers for how little Colette needed to be consoled.

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The Very Last Hurrah

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

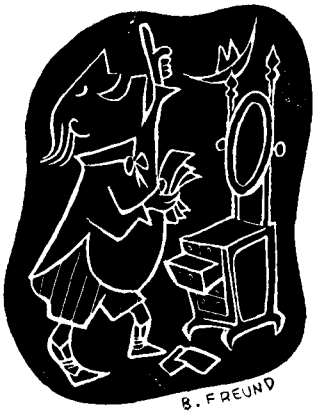
I'D DO IT AGAIN, by James Michael Curley. *Prentice-Hall. $4.95.*

After he was re-elected to Congress in 1942, as he tells the story, James Michael Curley began to consider, not for the first time, how he might improve his position. He thought he might run for the Senate and it seemed like a good idea to go over to the Senate chamber and stage a public brawl with Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama, who had been making some uncomplimentary remarks about Catholics. ". . . the ensuing publicity would put me in solid with my supporters, who would understand that any blows I struck were in the interests of the faith." Unfortunately, Curley was stopped en route by some labor leaders. While he stood talking with them, an individual came up and gave him a friendly clap on the back. It was Heflin. "I just couldn't hit the man," Curley said.

This story involves nearly all of the elements of the Curley legend as offered without encumbering modesty in these memoirs. The author is a showman. He is proud of his reputation for personal combativeness. He is willing to use religion for his own highly personal purposes. The events of which he tells did not necessarily occur. In this instance there is at least average doubt: Heflin had been retired from the Senate some eleven years before.

THESE TENDENCIES of the author, both as a politician and as a historian, should be kept in mind, because of late the rumor has been circulating that Curley, like Edwin O'Connor's Skeffington in *The Last Hurrah*, whom he is thought by some to resemble, is a great and lovable statesman. Though naturally a trifle flamboyant for some tastes, he is and always has been a true friend of the underprivileged and the poor. Curley himself has conceded that there is much to this point of view, and the present book is partly calculated to lend credence to this thought. This is only partly its purpose, for, not uncharacteristically, the author's motives are complex. He obviously wants the book to sell, and this has led him to record quite a few adventures, real and hypothetical, that rather detract from the nobility of the image.

Certainly Curley was no ordinary political boss. He was clever and articulate, and had both an audacious sense of humor and a highly developed if somewhat indiscriminate imagination. These qualities distinguish him from such barren personalities as Frank Hague and Ed Crump. Moreover, he couldn't really be called a machine politician, because he never had an organization on which he could rely absolutely for election. (One reason is that a leader must also be loyal to his organization, and where his own interests were involved Curley was never a man of divided loyalties.)



But though Curley had all these qualities, he was not a great or even a responsible figure in municipal and state administration, and his self-confessed goodness of soul is worth a second thought. Thus the largess in the form of ten-dollar bills which he distributed to his needy retainers was not, as he seems to think, a very satisfactory form of social security. Apart from some appreciation of the importance of public works, one will search the book in vain for any suggestion of interest in the problems of city administration. Honest government does not, as he regularly implies, have to be reactionary.

In the late 1920's, Curley proudly tells us, he invented a Ku Klux Klan scare, and even (he claims) burned some crosses in Massachusetts to stir his fellow Catholics to their political duty. This isn't much of an improvement over being a Klansman in the first place. Again he tells with equal pride how he attacked Thomas H. Eliot, against whom he ran for Congress in 1942, as a Unitarian, as a friend of the CIO, and (an outrageous charge) as a supporter of Communism. Those who wish to applaud this gay, colorful, and exuberant figure should ponder the implications of such political behavior. There are, for example, rules that men of different religious faiths have learned they must observe if they are to live amicably together. Violating those rules is not altogether a laughing matter.

OF COURSE it has long been known that there is a profound sociological justification for Jim Curley. His ancestors were poor Irish immigrants. When they arrived they were thoroughly snubbed by the Cabots and the Lowells. They retaliated by going into politics and taking possession of the government of both Boston and the Commonwealth. No one accepts this interpretation more completely than Jim Curley. Anyone who doesn't applaud him is likely to be dismissed as a lackey of the old aristocracy.

In case anyone should be inclined to go along with that proposition, let me take the precaution of saying that I belong to an even later migrant wave than Curley's—by the time mine arrived he was handsomely established on the Jamaicaway. Nor was there, as I recall, any special welcome from the ancient families. Accordingly, I can claim to view both the earlier and later dynasties with some detachment. It is certainly true, as Curley insists, that the respectable Republicans of Massachusetts have regularly manifested their respectability by a maximum of decorous inaction. But it doesn't follow that the only alternative to a Coolidge is a Curley. It wasn't true then and it certainly isn't true now.

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The Prime Minister's Military Nursemaid

AL NEWMAN

THE TURN OF THE TIDE, 1939-1943 (A History of the War Years Based on the Diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke), by Sir Arthur Bryant. *Doubleday. $6.95.*

The wartime Chief of Britain's Imperial General Staff from mid-November, 1941, onward was a man of mystery. Often enough in the London newspapers of 1943 and 1944 one saw features about his fellow Chiefs, Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound (and later Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham), and Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten of Combined Operations. But rarely was there even a reference to Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, their chairman.

Brooke was busy. Since Prime Minister Churchill was his own Minister of Defence, the C.I.G.S.—in addition to meeting daily with the other service chiefs and overseeing the global operations of the British Army—was available day and night to the prime minister. With Churchill, of course, it was mostly night and into the morning's small hours.

From his diaries and Sir Arthur Bryant's commentary, Brooke emerges as a sort of military nursemaid. The child he was given to tend was brilliant but wayward. It was fascinated with the highest cliffs, and Brooke's duty was to ignore the child's screaming protests and, like a faithful sheep dog, nudge the brat gently away from peril. Churchill had the most brilliant ideas of the war, and also the worst; in fact at one time or another he seems to have hit on nearly every idea there was to be had. "He has an unfortunate trick of picking up some isolated operation, and, without ever really having it looked into, setting his heart on it . . . ," wrote Brooke. "Perhaps the most remarkable failing of his is that he can never see a whole strategical problem at once. His gaze always settles on some definite part of the canvas and the rest of the picture is lost. . . ." Parts of the canvas that Churchill had his eye on time and again were Trondheim in Norway ("Where do you go from there?" asked Brooke) and, later, the northern tip of Sumatra (" . . . I could not get any definite reply from him as to what he hoped to accomplish. . . . ").

The Soft Underbelly

The naysayers of this world—particularly the military naysayers—are invaluable but highly unpopular. Brooke was a master of this art. "Those damned planners of yours," said Churchill, "plan nothing but difficulties."

This trait also led Brooke into prolonged arguments with U.S. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and General George C. Marshall, his American opposite number. Both Americans were hell-bent on a cross-Channel invasion, either on a limited basis in 1942 to establish a beachhead on the Cherbourg Peninsula or a full-scale operation in 1943. Considering the strength of the Luftwaffe and the Wehrmacht in France at the time against the limited range of the R.A.F. home-based fighters and the relatively few U.S. divisions that could be assembled in the European theater even by early 1944, either attack would almost certainly have been disastrous.

The first few half-trained, half-equipped American divisions landed in North Africa were a force that might be likened to a promising young Golden Gloves boxer. Bring him along slowly and he may one day become a heavyweight champion. Give him fights of increasing difficulty, but never overmatch him. The defeat of Kasserine Pass early in 1943 was almost an overmatch, but the young fighter managed to get off the canvas and survive a very bad round. What would have happened to him in a tougher match was amply demonstrated by the fate of the Canadians' reconnaissance in force at Dieppe in August, 1943.

Probably Brooke was not thinking in these terms. The long campaign in the Western Desert was something that more or less just grew. First the Italians moved toward Egypt and the British sent them reeling back inside Libya with a bloody nose. Then the Germans reinforced their allies with Rommel and the Afrika Korps and they gave the British a bloody nose, and then . . .

But as early as December, 1941, Brooke had fixed on a Mediterranean-first strategy. His diary at the time said: ". . . I am positive that our policy for the conduct of the war should be to direct both military and political efforts towards the early conquest of North Africa. From there we shall be able to reopen the Mediterranean and to stage offensive operations against Italy." Why? For the simplest reason imaginable: "It was plain to me that . . . until we had done so we should never have enough shipping to stage major operations."

Thus the U.S. Chiefs were talked into TORCH, the North African landings of November, 1942. On the successful completion of that campaign at Bizerte and Tunis the following May, where was there to go but Sicily? And with that island cleared by late August and Italy trying almost vainly to surrender, what was there to do but invade the peninsula in September? On the whole, it worked out pretty well.

THE MAJOR defect of this 624-page book is Sir Arthur Bryant's adulatory approach. Brooke is so consistently right that one begins to suspect considerable care on the part of the author in selecting excerpts from his diary. A second volume now in preparation, *The Triumph of the West,* which will deal with 1944 and 1945, should prove an acid test. What was Brooke's attitude toward the Anzio landings? Was he behind the British opposition to the ANVIL invasion of southern France, an operation that not only paid off handsomely but gave us the vital port o Marseilles? And what did he think of the Arnhem gamble?

At least once during this period Brooke was wrong by his own admission. He opposed Eisenhower's

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opening offensive gambit of 1945: destruction of the German armies west of the Rhine on a broad front rather than a single concentrated thrust in the British-Canadian northern sector. According to *Crusade in Europe*, Brooke once said to Eisenhower: "Thank God, Ike, you stuck by your plan. You were completely right and I am sorry if my fear of dispersed effort added to your burdens. The German is now licked. It is merely a question of when he chooses to quit. Thank God you stuck by your guns."

One wonders how Sir Arthur will handle *that*.

In any case, velvet-pawed though the author-editor may have been in selecting excerpts that would establish his hero's prescience, he spared few feelings in his choice of personal characterizations. Here is Marshall: ". . . a big man and a very great gentleman who inspired trust but did not impress me by the ability of his brain." And Eisenhower: "He learnt a lot during the war, but tactics, strategy and command were never his strong points." MacArthur: "I have often wondered since the war how different matters might have been if I had had MacArthur instead of Marshall to deal with. From everything I saw of him I put him down as the greatest general of the last war." Matters would have been different indeed. If the dogmatic Brooke had had to negotiate with MacArthur, there probably would have been a fist fight.

One senses that Brooke, knowing Churchill best, put him on paper best. In the dark days at the end of 1941 he wrote: "God knows where we should be without him, but God knows where we shall go with him!" After the Quebec Conference of 1943, with things going better but Churchill still being difficult: "It is a wonderful character, the most marvellous qualities and superhuman genius mixed with an astonishing lack of vision at times, and an impetuosity which, if not guided, must inevitably bring him into trouble again and again. . . .

"He is quite the most difficult man to work with that I have ever struck, but I would not have missed the chance of working with him for anything on earth."

Second Looks At the Suez Adventure

SANDER VANOCUR

The Suez War, by Paul Johnson. With an introduction by Aneurin Bevan. *Greenberg. $2.50.*

Guilty Men 1957: Suez & Cyprus, by Michael Foot and Mervyn Jones. *Rinehart. $1.95.*

The Anglo-French intervention in Suez last fall deserves to have a classic history written about it. Here instead are two political pamphlets, first published in Great Britain. Their tone would seem to indicate that political pamphleteering is still a lively art there, perhaps more so than in this country.

For a political pamphlet to be effective, it should be inspired by an issue people feel strongly about, preferably one with strong moral overtones. It should make no concessions to historical objectivity. A political pamphlet does not seek to clarify but aims to persuade.

The Anglo-French intervention in Suez was a perfect issue for pamphleteering. Though the action was generally accepted in France, the reverse was true in Britain. It split the political parties there, and to a lesser extent the population, like no event since Munich. It especially revealed the always latent tendencies of the British left wing toward political masochism and its almost total renunciation of the concept of force as a factor in international disputes.

Johnson in his work and Foot and Jones in theirs have presented this left-wing view. Johnson is an assistant editor of the weekly *New Statesman and Nation*. Jones is on the staff of the weekly *Tribune*, of which Foot is a director and managing editor; Foot is also a columnist for the Labour Party newspaper, the *Daily Herald*.

Mr. Foot and the Cloven Hoof

Of the pamphlets, the one by Foot and Jones is clearly the more important. Of the authors, Foot's influence is the most pronounced. He is easily the most persuasive political pamphleteer in Britain, a claim he staked out for himself in 1940 with the publication of an earlier *Guilty Men*, an indictment of Britain's leaders for the events leading up to the Second World War.

Lord Attlee is supposed to have remarked on one occasion that Foot's Puritan forebears made him see the world as a place abounding with devils. It is a convenient theory. It allows us to overlook the tragic complexities of life and make folly and stupidity synonyms for sin and guilt.

Thus we have Johnson, who shows Foot's influence, writing in one of his more flowery passages: "A deadly blow has been struck at the very foundations of our society. Our modern democratic system, envied and emulated all over the world, is an effective system of government . . . because there is public confidence in the men who run it. At the heart of our political consciousness is the notion that a British minister of the Crown is an honourable man. If this is destroyed, the system is fatally injured; its lifeblood — public confidence — drains away. In the last few weeks, we have had the spectacle of British ministers lying to the House of Commons, to their own party and to the public. They have lied to the United Nations and to their own allies. When exposed, they have compounded these falsehoods by more lies. . . . Our leaders are guilty men. So long as they go unpunished, all of us are accessories after the fact."

Surely this is too melodramatic. No government in history has ever told its own people or another government the complete truth. If governments ever told the truth, most of them would be thrown out of office.

What Johnson really wants is more information about the events leading up to the Suez intervention;

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so does everyone else. But the absence of any official information in the form of White Papers by the governments concerned is hardly an excuse for the kind of keyhole reporting and speculation we find in both these pamphlets.

There is no need for this kind of reporting. Enough evidence has already been provided to suggest that there was a good deal of collusion, more between France and Israel than between France and Britain. Certainly the incredible ineptness of the entire Anglo-French intervention suggests the absence rather than the presence of careful military planning.

To indict the entire British cabinet as guilty men is a gross distortion of history. To try to portray Sir Anthony Eden as a sinister plotter does a great disservice to an essentially tragic figure. His effort in the Suez adventure was nowhere near as great as that of Premier Guy Mollet. The British action was prompted largely by pride. The French intervened to overthrow Nasser and—or so they believed—thus end the Algerian rebellion which he openly supported and aided.

Mollet's clarity of purpose, if nothing else, must be admired. Eden was not made of such stern stuff. In a broadcast last April, Eric Sevareid confirms this supposition with what appears to be information from a reliable source. "What happened on the day of the cease-fire," said Sevareid, "was this: Eden called Mollet at ten in the morning, he was almost in a state of collapse. He said Britain must quit the fighting; not because of the uproar in Britain, not because of the Russian threat, but because of American opposition; Mollet told Eden this was madness, that the canal would be theirs in another forty-eight hours. The two men called and re-called each other, argued much of the day; Eden would not budge."

Mr. Dulles's Gambit

If this is what actually happened, it only confirms the plentiful evidence about our own responsibility in the episode. Some of it was recently made available in the biography of John Foster Dulles by John Robinson Beal, where the Secretary of State is pictured as making a "truly major gambit in the cold war" by withdrawing our offer of aid in the building on the Aswan High Dam.

Mollet has said that the United States was not told about the invasion plans because of Anglo-French fears that we would oppose it. A few months earlier, our allies had seized on the plan for the Canal Users Association as an ideal pretext for a show of force in the canal. When they later found out that Dulles had a different idea of the association from their own, they felt that they had once again been let down by the United States.

Eight months have passed since the Anglo-French intervention in Suez. President Nasser is still in control of the canal. It is being run on his terms. British ships are once again using it. So are ours. No matter how we try to gild the issue with pious explanations about paying tolls "under protest," the facts are simply that we are without any influence over the way the canal will be operated. We still have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Dulles has not tarnished his decent respect for the opinions of mankind.

PAMPHLETS like these appeal to our better instincts and our justifiable abhorrence of the use of force in international disputes. But they do not give us any guidance on the problem of how nations who do respect the opinions of mankind bring pressure on those which do not. The renunciation of force in world affairs is a new and interesting concept. Since this country was so eloquent in persuading our major allies to embrace it, it would do us no harm to fully explore all its ramifications just in case we are one day involved in a situation where our own vital national interests are at stake.

Aunt Dot's White Camel

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE TOWERS OF TREBIZOND, by Rose Macaulay. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.75.*

". . . The point about a camel (as about a human) is," reflects Rose Macaulay in her delightful new novel, "is it odder than other camels, or other humans?"

A moot point. The beast's proprietor, Aunt Dot, of course is a bit dotty, as who wouldn't be with a hyphenated second name spelled with two lower-case "f"s? She (Dorothea ffolkes-Corbett) is a perambulating feminist; she has come to Turkey (with her white Arabian camel of the Ruola herd) to complete the emancipation of Turkish women that Mustafa Kemal began. Her companions in zealotry are the Reverend Hugh Chantry-Pigg, spreading the gospel of Anglicanism (High), and Aunt Dot's niece Laurie, narrator, naughty, and inclined to dwell on fine points of theology and the horrors of modernity.

Are the British odder than other humans? Sometimes one thinks they are. "Eccentricity"—writes Edith Sitwell in her eccentric *The English Eccentrics*—"exists particularly in the English, and partly, I think, because of that peculiar and satisfactory knowledge of infallibility that is the hallmark and birthright of the British nation."

Certainly we in our conformist glass-walled landscape can stand several good doses of quirkiness, and that is reason enough for being grateful to Miss Macaulay. She hasn't written a novel at all, but who cares? Her Alice-in-Wonderlandish reverie, peopled with those improbable characters from the British Isles, is a necessary assault against "adjustment." Over here we have Thurber and Perelman, but for a large-scale production of this kind

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of thing we must still import from our cousins across the seas. They have a tradition of what may be called philosophic fizz; they are most *in earnest when they are least* solemn. Od's bodikins! they cry against human foibles, and then they caricature as Congreve did, as Dickens did, as Lewis Carroll did, and as, in our own day, Evelyn Waugh and Joyce Cary and Rose Macaulay do—creating a comedy of manners in which characters exist (and they *do* exist) only in the afflatus of their performance, collapsing utterly once you confront them with "real" people. Or perhaps more accurately—and this would be the moral function of imagined characters—they serve to make "real" people collapse, so that we see them for what they are; we realize that all along we have taken illusion for reality.

"It is fantastic. Why *not*? I like fantastic things. Believe it? What does believe mean? You don't know, I don't know. So I believe what I want." Miss Macaulay is Alice grown up, but she is grown up only physically; the wonderland is still in her head; she is still drinking from mysterious medicine bottles and growing tall or short; she is still playing croquet with flamingo mallets.

A Tradition of Laughter

Alice, of course, is the key work to almost all English humor. For she was written long before the Reverend Mr. Dodgson was born and continues to be written ever since. Alice is the oddity within the staid Briton's breast, the unpredictable gleam of fantasy that flits above the mutton and the Yorkshire pudding. She is Ariel among the Spitfires and, let us hope, among the atom reactors too. A familiar sprite, this particular brand of willful and pertinent whimsy, long resident in English life and letters.

That is why, with all Miss Macaulay's rapier wit, one feels that she has inherited rather than forged the weapon. "She and I looked at Aunt Dot's things to see what she had taken with her. Her miscellaneous collection of medicine bottles was here; it was a largish collection, because she did not know what most of them were, or for what complaints, on account of chemists not caring to say more on the labels than 'The Pills,' 'The Tablets,' 'The Mixture,' and other non-committal titles, so Aunt Dot took a great many of these anonymous bottles about with her on her travels and ate and drank them at random when she ailed."

To which one may append its ancestor:

"However, this bottle was *not* marked 'poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed

flavor of cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffy and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

" 'What a curious feeling!' said Alice, 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.' "

Or consider Miss Macaulay's calculatingly absurd choice of names. Isn't her Father Chantry-Pigg related to Evelyn Waugh's Mrs. Melrose Ape, the woman evangelist of *Vile Bodies*? And aren't both of them kin to the suggestive nomenclature of Dickens and Congreve and Ben Jonson? For centuries the English comic landscape has been peopled with such familiar japes, so that when Miss Macaulay makes us laugh, we laugh in an echo chamber; an entire tradition laughs with us. Thus individual wit is magnified; the seemingly unique invention, the eccentric creation, is seen to be the latest member of a series.

Working in such a magic field of resonance, characters loom as symbols. Aunt Dot becomes all Britain: "Dot is a romantic woman, her feet aren't on the ground. She thinks she is practical, a woman of business, but no, she is a woman of dreams. Mad dreams, dreams of crazy, impossible things. And they aren't all of conversion to the Church, oh no. Nor all of the liberation of women, oh no. Her eyes are on far mountains, always some far peak where she will go. She looks so firm and practical, that nice face, so fair and plump and shrewd, but look in her eyes, you will sometimes catch a strange gleam. Isn't it so?"

Down with Jeeps!

Indeed it is. Hence it is no accident that Aunt Dot should ride a camel while the young Greek named Xenophon rides a jeep. Beneath all her spoofing, Miss Macaulay is in deadly combat with the world of jeeps. Like all latter-day romantics, she cannot abide what is new, hygienic, and motorized. She prefers the dead towers of Trebizond to the gas pumps of Ankara. She respects Israeli efficiency but lingers more lovingly in the fly-specked souks of the Old City of Jerusalem. Her quest along these coasts where Jason sailed for the Golden Fleece is for a lost magic city, where there is a pattern that she cannot unravel, "the Trebizond of the world's dreams," and it is this quest that runs like a secret spring beneath the dry, brittle, sometimes monotonous surface of Miss Macaulay's wit.

For this book, with all its excellences, does get tiresome about halfway through. Not in excess of wordage, or paucity of incident, but in sameness of tone. We simply have too much of a good thing; the drollery is relentless; there are too few breathing spaces; ". . . the contest of smartness is never intermitted," as Dr. Johnson said of Congreve's comedies. Sometimes one feels that the British work too hard at their waggishness—they can be grimly odd, determinedly dotty. Miss Macaulay's wit darts and stings, but it darts and stings too much and in the same fashion, so that after a while we're anaesthetized to it.

The sameness of tone is reflected in the style, with its long run-on free-association sentences joined by "ands." When the connective tissue of our subordinate clauses consists of "buts," "althoughs," and "nevertheless," we are making value judgments. We are saying that this observation is more or less important than the main idea. But if, in the interests of dead-pan humor, one connects with the simple conjuctive "and" such subject matter as theology and piscatology and adultery and Byzantium and Billy Graham, the effect is to dissolve everything in the same stream of reverie. It can be very funny and in Miss Macau-

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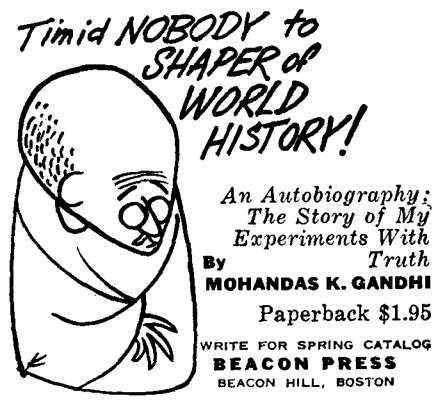
lay's skillful spinning it is—at the beginning; but then we become lulled, we long for a change of mood. Apparently the author herself realized this, a bit too late, for at the end there is a hasty if deft brushing in of the tragic aftermath of an adulterous love affair—a necessary rock of contrast in the rippling stream of urbanity.

But withal this book is another glittering gem from the seemingly inexhaustible diamond mine of English comedy. Perhaps we should just hold it to the light and let it glisten. Analysis is only putting it back underground; surely there are few subjects more dismal than the aesthetics of humor. But how tempting to consider the special conditions that make for this great tradition of British whimsy. How odd, how very odd indeed, that this people, renowned for their hardheadedness, their muddling through, their distrust of theorizing, their business acumen, their empire building and stubborn valor—are also possessed of a vein of comic fantasy unmatched in the literature of any other western nation. It is not American humor, still marked with the gusto and exaggeration of the frontier, or French social satire, or the grotesqueries of Central Europe. It's a special brand of delicate daffiness, a way of coping with the insanities of reality by denying, like Bishop Berkeley, that reality is anything more than a fairy tale after all.



In Defense of Love

MARYA MANNES

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SEX, by Robert Elliot Fitch. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.*

If the pulpits of this country were occupied by more Dr. Fitches, religion might be spared the professional tranquilizers and stimulators who fill the pages of our magazines and the tabernacles of our cities in the name of God and happiness. For this Congregationalist minister, Professor of Christian Ethics and Dean of the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California, is the kind of clergyman—and man—the time cries out for: a man disciplined and erudite, witty and tough, compassionate and yet filled with a lusty intolerance for the loose thinking and loose living we accept so often as "realism" and "honesty."

Dr. Fitch stands up proudly for love, honor, duty, intelligence, and morality—not as abstracts but as qualities essential to the proper appreciation of sex. And he believes it is the neglect or abolition of these qualities that has brought sex to its present low level in America. "When sex is separated from love and honor," he writes, "it sinks into the slime. Hence the contemporary obsession with obscenity. . . Actually, there has developed out of this a sort of inverted religion—the *mystique de la merde.*" Anyone who examines closely the contents of our newsstands knows what he is talking about. We are obsessed with dirt.

To show what he means, he quotes passages from the writings of Hemingway, Mailer, James Jones, Simone de Beauvoir, Tennessee Williams, Grace Metalious (of *Peyton Place*), and Mary McCarthy. There is simply no fun in sex any more when it is reduced, as Kinsey reduces it, to a biological function.

He is savage about the reduction of sex to tedium in the works of, among others, de Beauvoir and Sagan. "In these stories there are no strong moral convictions . . . There are no strong passions, either . . ." And he works up to a statement that bears heavily on the modern addiction to violence: "But when sex is taken straight and without love, and the tedium becomes unbearable, our next impulse is to spice it with cruelty. Sadism is the first sign of the frustration of the proper fulfillment of sex in love." He is also extremely funny about the mammalian fetishism of this day, which measures sex simply by inches.

'Star-Cross'd Lovers'

Dr. Fitch's range of reference is enormous, encompassing Smollett and Freud, Herbert Spencer and Jeremy Bentham, Voltaire and Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Whitman, among many others. He is supremely at ease among the centuries and the men who expressed them. And he reaches his full—and noble—stride when he speaks of two immortal loves: Tristan and Iseult, and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet—loves, he concludes, that are immortal because of their ethical basis. ". . . But genuine love is commingled with courage, tempered by duty, proved by suffering, sweetened with tenderness, made strong in faithfulness." Shakespeare was a stern moralist.

Although he is an angry man, Dr. Fitch is never pompous, never righteous, and never humorless. He is angry at our degradation of sex, particularly angry at those writers who contribute to its decline. "If a writer prefers to deal with the animal in man to the exclusion of the angel in him, then this is not because the writer is 'honest' and 'brave.' It is simply because he has not the vision to see the whole human being, has not the competence as an artist to deal with so difficult a subject."

This may not please Mr. Mailer, Mrs. Metalious, Mr. Jones, or any of the literary tough guys who have followed Hemingway; and it certainly will not impress their intellectual superiors, de Beauvoir, McCarthy, and Tennessee Williams.

But it gives enormous pleasure to those of us who believe in the joys of sex and the integrity of love, and who are a little tired of the inspection, however skilled, of a dunghill.

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